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THE  
ÆNEID OF VERGIL

*BY THE SAME AUTHOR.*

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# THE ÆNEID OF VERGIL

BOOKS VII—XII

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

JAMES RHOADES

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# THE ÆNEID

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## BOOK VII

### *ÆNEID VII*

1-14

THOU too, Caieta, dying, a deathless fame,  
Nurse of Æneas, to our shores hast given ;  
And still thy glory guards thy place of rest,  
And the name marks, if such renown be aught,  
Thy bones in great Hesperia. But, the rites  
Of death paid duly, and a funeral mound  
Reared, good Æneas, now the deep was stilled,  
Sails on his journey, and leaves port behind.  
The gales breathe on into the night ; the moon  
White-orbed their course denies not ; all the deep  
Glitters beneath her quivering beam. From hence  
Next skirted are the shores of Circë's land,  
Where the rich daughter of the Sun makes ring  
With ceaseless singing her unfooted groves,  
And in proud hall burns odorous cedar-wood  
For light in darkness, with shrill-whirring comb

Crossing the subtle web. From hence are heard  
The growls and wrath of lions, against their chains  
Rebellious, roaring late into the night,  
And bristly swine, and bears within their pens  
Raging, and howling of huge wolfish forms,  
Whom Circë, goddess fell, with drugs of power,  
Stripped of man's likeness, had arrayed in hides  
And features bestial. Which so monstrous change  
Lest the good Trojans suffer, into port  
Once wafted, or draw nigh the dreadful shore,  
With favouring breezes Neptune filled their sails,  
Sped flying, and bore them past the seething shoals.

Now 'gan the sea with ruddy beams to blush,  
And in high heaven the dawn on roseate car  
Shone saffron-tinted, when down dropped the breeze,  
And every breath of wind sank suddenly,  
And on the slow smooth surface toil their oars.  
Thereat Æneas from out the deep descries  
A mighty grove before him ; cleaving it,  
Lo ! Tiber's pleasant stream in hurrying swirls,  
And yellow with much sand, bursts forth to sea.  
Around, above, were birds of various plume,  
Haunters of bank and river-bed, that charmed  
The air with song, and fluttered through the grove.  
He bids the crew shift course, and shoreward steer,  
And, blithe of heart, enters the shady stream.

Now aid me, Erato ; what kings had sway,  
The times of what befel, how stood the weal  
Of ancient Latium, when the outland host

First beached their galleys on Ausonia's shore,  
I will unfold, and of the opening strife  
Recall the prelude. Do thou teach thy bard,  
Thou goddess. I will tell of grisly wars,  
Tell of embattled hosts, kings to their death  
By fury driven, and the Tyrrhenian ranks,  
And all Hesperia gathered under arms.  
A mightier roll of exploit opens up  
Before me, and a mightier task I try.

O'er fields and cities lulled in lasting peace  
Reigned King Latinus yet, now full of years ;  
Son he to Faunus and Laurentum's nymph  
Marica, saith the legend. Faunus' sire  
Was Picus ; from thy loins, O Saturn, he  
Claims lineage ; of his blood first founder thou.  
Son and male heir the king had none, cut off  
By doom of heaven in youth's first dawn. His home  
And stately palace one sole daughter kept,  
Now ripe for husband, of full age to wed.  
From Latium's breadth, Ausonia's utmost bounds,  
Came many a wooer ; before all who came,  
Turnus the goodliest, mighty by descent  
From sires and grandsires, whom as son to clasp  
The royal consort yearned with wild desire.  
But heaven with many a fearful sign forbad.  
There was a laurel in the secluded depth  
Midmost the palace court, of sacred leaf,  
And cherished many a year with awe, which sire  
Latinus finding, as he laid, folk say,

The citadel's foundation, had himself  
To Phœbus dedicated, and from thence  
Gave to his settlers their Laurentian name.  
Upon its topmost point a cloud of bees,  
Wondrous to tell, with mighty buzzing borne  
Across the clear air, settled, foot with foot  
Linked fast together, and from the leafy bough  
Hung there, a sudden swarm. Forthwith the seer :  
'A foreign hero I descry,' quoth he,  
'Hither approaching, and a host that seek  
The selfsame quarter by the selfsame way,  
And lord it in the topmost citadel.'  
Moreover, while the altar with pure torch  
She kindles, and beside her father stands,  
The maid Lavinia in her flowing locks  
Was seen, O horror ! to catch the flame, and all  
Her head-gear to let burn with crackling fire—  
Ablaze her queenly tresses, and ablaze  
The jewelled splendour of her coronal—  
Till, wrapped in a dun glare of smoky light,  
She spread the fire-god all the palace through.  
Fearful in sooth and wondrous to behold  
That sight was rumoured : for herself, they sang,  
Should be renowned in fortune and in fame ;  
But to her folk it boded mighty war.  
Sore troubled by such signs, to the oracle  
Of Faunus, his prophetic sire, the king  
Betakes him, and consults the grove 'neath high  
Albunea, that, of woods the mightiest,

Rings with her haunted well, and through the gloom  
Breathes forth a deadly vapour. Hence the tribes  
Of Italy and all the Ænotrian land  
In doubt seek answers. Hither when the priest  
His gifts hath borne, on fleeces of slain sheep  
Stretched him 'neath hush of night, and sought repose,  
Full many a phantom flitting he discerns  
In wondrous wise, and divers voices hears,  
Enjoys communion with the gods, and holds  
Converse with Acheron in Avernus' depth.  
Here sire Latinus, too, then suing himself  
For answers, with a hundred woolly sheep  
Did sacrifice, and propped upon their hides  
And outspread fells was lying, when suddenly  
A voice gave utterance from the forest-depth :  
' Seek not in Latin wedlock to unite  
Thy daughter, O mine offspring, nor put faith  
In bridal bowers made ready ; sons from far  
Are coming, whose blood must bear our name to heaven,  
And whose posterity, where the circling sun  
Views either ocean, shall the whole world see  
Move 'neath their feet obedient.' Such response  
And warning words of his sire Faunus, given  
Beneath the hush of night, within his lips  
Latinus locks not ; but Fame flitting wide,  
Had through the Ausonian cities borne the tale,  
When now the children of Laomedon  
Made fast their galleys to the grassy bank.

Æneas and his chief captains, with fair-faced  
Iulus, stretch their limbs beneath the boughs  
Of a tall tree, and set the banquet on,  
And 'neath the viands along the sward lay cakes  
Of sacrificial meal—great Jupiter  
So bade them—and with country fruits pile high  
The wheaten floor. All else, it chanced, consumed,  
When, driven by lack of food, they turned to munch  
The thin flour-fare, with hand and venturous teeth  
Invade the circle of the fateful crust,  
Nor from the out-pressed squares refrain them: 'Ha!  
Eat we our tables too?' Iulus cries  
Jesting, and adds no more. That utterance heard  
First set a term to trouble; and at once  
Catching it, as it left the lip, his sire  
Checked him, astounded at the sign from heaven.  
Then, 'Hail, O land, from destiny my due,  
And ye, Troy's faithful hearth-gods,' he exclaimed,  
'Here is our home, and this our country; yea,  
My sire Anchises—I recall it now—  
Bequeathed me these dark words of destiny:  
"When wafted to an unknown shore, my son,  
Hunger compels thee, as food fails, to eat  
Thy tables, then remember, look to find  
A home, way-wearied; thy first dwellings then  
Found, and entrench them with a rampart." This,  
This was that hunger that till last remained,  
To mark destruction's utmost. Wherefore come,  
Blithely explore we, with first ray of dawn,



What is this place, or what folk dwell therein,  
And where the nation's city, in divers ways  
Forth faring from the harbour. Now to Jove  
Bowls of libation pour ye, and with prayers  
Call on my sire Anchises, and set fresh  
The wine-cup on the board.' So saying he binds  
With leafy branch his temples, and adores  
The Genius of the spot, and, first of gods,  
Earth, and the nymphs and streams unknown as yet:  
Then Night too, and the rising signs of Night,  
And Ida's Jove invokes, and in due course  
The Phrygian Mother, and his parents twain  
In heaven and Erebus. Then from the height  
The Almighty Sire thrice thundered clear, and shook  
And from the sky with his own hand displayed  
A cloud resplendent with bright shafts of gold.  
Here through the Trojan ranks swift rumour spreads,  
The day has come their destined walls to found.  
Eagerly they renew the feast, and cheered  
By the great sign from heaven, set on the bowls,  
And crown the wine-cups. Soon as next day's dawn  
'Gan earth with light to sprinkle, scattering wide,  
They explore the nation's city, bounds, and coast;  
These are the waters of Numicius' fount,  
This Tiber stream; here the brave Latins dwell.  
Then chose Anchises' son from every rank  
A hundred envoys, bidding them repair  
To the king's stately ramparts; all decked out  
With boughs of Pallas, and bear the hero gifts,

And for the Teucrians claim his clemency.  
They tarry not, but at his bidding speed,  
Borne with swift strides along. Himself marks out  
The ramparts with low trench, prepares a site,  
And the first dwelling camp-wise girds about,  
There on the shore, with battlements and mound.  
And now the warriors, all their journey done,  
Beheld the Latin towers and roofs arise,  
And to the wall drew near. Before the town  
Boys, see, and youths in manhood's opening bloom,  
Ply horsemanship, and tame amid the dust  
Their chariot-teams, or stretch the eager bow,  
Or the tough javelin hurl with strength of arm,  
Or challenge to the race and boxing-bout ;  
When, spurring forward, lo ! a messenger,  
Who to the agèd monarch's ear brings word  
Of mighty men in uncouth garb at hand.  
Into the palace he bids summon them,  
And midmost sits on his ancestral throne.  
The stately pile, gigantic, reared aloft  
On hundred columns in the city's top,  
Once palace of Laurentian Picus, stood,  
Awful with groves and olden sanctity.  
Here 'twas auspicious that kings first receive  
The sceptre, and uplift the rods of power.  
This temple was their senate-house, and this  
Their holy feast-hall : here the elders wont,  
After ram slain, at the long boards to sit.  
Ay, and the forms of their forefathers, ranged

A-row of ancient cedar, Italus,  
And sire Sabinus, planter of the vine,  
In semblance holding still a curvèd hook,  
And hoary-headed Saturn, and the shape  
Of two-faced Janus, in the entry stood,  
And other kings primæval, and who else  
Fighting for country had borne wounds in war.  
And on the sacred doors great store of arms,  
As captive chariots, curvèd axes, hung,  
And helmet-crests, and massy bars of gates,  
Javelins, and shields, and beaks from vessels torn.  
Himself too, with Quirinal augur-staff,  
And scanty toga girt, was seated there,  
And in his left hand held the sacred shield,  
Picus, of steeds the tamer, whom his bride  
Circë, love-maddened, smote with golden rod,  
With drugs transformed into a bird, and flecked  
His wings with colours. Such the shrine wherein  
Latinus, sitting on his father's seat,  
Summoned the Teucrians to his presence-hall,  
And hailed them, entered, with these words of peace :  
' O sons of Dardanus—for not to us  
Unknown your race and city, and we have heard  
Of your sea-faring hither—what seek ye ? say ;  
What cause, what need, hath borne your barks so far  
O'er the blue billows to Ausonia's strand ?  
Whether track lost, or tempest-driven—such hap  
As sailors suffer oft on the high sea—  
Ye have passed between our river-banks, and safe

In haven ride, shun not our welcoming,  
And know the Latins are of Saturn's seed ;  
A race made righteous by no bond of law,  
But of their own free will refraining them,  
And by the fashion of their ancient god.  
And I indeed, though dim with years the tale,  
Still mind me of the Auruncan elders saying  
How from these fields sprang Dardanus, from hence  
To Phrygian Ida's cities won his way,  
And Thracian Samos, now named Samothrace.  
Hence from the Tuscan house of Corythus  
Forth fared the hero : now upon a throne  
The golden palace of the starry sky  
Holds him, and swells the altar-roll of heaven.'

He spake, and Ilioneus took up the word :  
' King, peerless son of Faunus, nor wave-driven  
Hath luring storm compelled us to your coast,  
Nor star or shore from the right course beguiled :  
Of purpose sail we all with willing hearts  
To this your city, outcasts from a realm,  
Erewhile the mightiest which the sun beheld  
In his far journey from the ends of heaven.  
From Jove our lineage springs ; in Jove for sire  
Exult the Dardan youth ; our king himself  
Is of Jove's lofty line, Æneas of Troy,  
Who to thy doors hath sent us. What wild storm  
Poured forth from fierce Mycenæ, swept the plains  
Of Ida, by what destinies impelled,  
Europe met Asia, and world clashed with world,

Even he hath heard whom earth's remotest bound  
Withdraws by ocean's baffled rim, or whom  
The zone of the sun's fury, that lies stretched  
Midmost the four zones, severs from his kind.  
Forth from that deluge over the wide waste  
Of waters borne, we for our country's gods  
Crave a scant home, a harmless gift of coast,  
And air and water, free alike to all.  
No blot upon your kingdom shall we be,  
Nor light your fame be bruited, or the grace  
Of deed so noble perish ; nor shall e'er  
Ausonia's sons repent them to have clasped  
Troy to their bosom. By the fates I swear  
Of lord Æneas, and by the strong right hand,  
Whether in troth or arms and battle tried :  
Full many a race and nation—scorn us not  
That we come proffering garlands in our hands  
And prayers upon our lips—have wooed and willed  
To knit us to themselves ; but heaven's decrees  
With their high mandate drave us to seek out  
No land but yours. From hence sprang Dardanus ;  
Hither Apollo bids us back, and goads  
Toward Tuscan Tiber and the sacred pools  
Of fount Numicius with his mighty word.  
Some slender offerings of his former state,  
Beside he gives thee, from the flames of Troy  
A remnant rescued. With this gold his sire  
Anchises at the altar poured the wine :  
This was the gear of Priam, when, as wont,

Unto the assembled nations he gave law—  
Sceptre, to wit, and sacred diadem,  
And robes, the handiwork of Ilian dames.'

As thus spake Ilioneus, Latinus held  
His face set firmly in one downward stare,  
And to the earth cleaves motionless, his eyes  
Rolling intently. Nor doth broidered robe  
Of purple, no, nor Priam's sceptre stir  
The king so deeply, as in thought he broods  
Upon his daughter's bridal troth and bower,  
And ponders in heart's core the oracle  
Of ancient Faunus. This then is the man,  
That traveller from an outland home, the son  
By fate predicted, summoned with like sway  
To share his kingdom ; he, whose race should prove  
In valour peerless, destined by their might  
To hold the universe in fee. At length  
Joyful he cries : ' Heaven prosper our intent,  
And its own presage ! granted be thy suit,  
O Trojan ! nor spurn I the gifts. While reigns  
Latinus, a rich land's fertility  
Ye shall not lack, no, nor the wealth of Troy.  
Let but Æneas, if such his heart's desire  
To us-ward, if for hospitable ties  
Impatient, and the name of fellowship,  
Himself draw near, nor shrink before the gaze  
Of friendly faces. Of my terms of peace  
This shall be part, your prince's hand to press.  
Ye now in turn this message bear from me



Back to your king. A maiden child have I,  
Whom with a lord of our own race to wed  
Nor oracles from out my father's shrine,  
Nor many a prodigy from heaven permits.  
Sons from an outland country are to come—  
So chant they Latium's destiny—whose blood  
Must raise our name to heaven. That this is he  
By fate demanded I both deem, and, if  
My mind of truth aught presage, him adopt.'  
So saying, the sire from out his whole array  
Picks chosen steeds : three hundred stood there sleek  
In lofty stalls : these bids he straight be led  
Wing-footed forth, for every Teucrian one,  
With purple and with broidered housings decked ;  
Droop to their chests gold necklets ; trapped with gold,  
Red-gold the bits between their champing teeth ;  
But for Æneas, for their absent king,  
Car and twin coursers of celestial strain,  
With nostrils snorting fire, sprung from the stock  
Of those which subtle Circë to her sire  
Raised, and by stealthy mating mixed the breed.  
So dowered, so greeted by the king, Troy's sons,  
Towering on steed, hie homeward and bring peace.

But from Inachian Argos, as she came,  
Lo ! the fierce spouse of Jove her airy voyage  
Was holding, when from heaven, far off as lies  
Sicilian Pachynus, she espied  
Æneas rejoicing, and the Dardan fleet.  
E'en now she sees them building homes, e'en now,

Their barks abandoned, trusting to the shore.  
Stabbed with sharp agony she stopped, and then,  
Shaking her head, this heart-wrung utterance poured :  
‘ Ah ! loathèd stock, ah ! Phrygian destinies  
At odds with ours ! upon Sigeum’s plain  
Say could they perish, or in captivity  
Be captured ? did the flames of Troy burn up  
Her warriors ? through arm’d hosts, through fire, they  
have found

An outlet. But my deity belike  
At length lies spent ; or, surfeited with hate,  
I have turned me to my rest : nay, even when hurled  
From home and country, o’er the billows I  
Relentless spared not to pursue them still,  
And bar the exiles’ path on every main.  
Upon the Teucrians have been spent the powers  
Of sky and ocean. What did Syrtes, say,  
Or Scylla, or Charybdis’ weltering waste  
Avail me ? In the Tiber’s wished-for bed  
They shroud them, careless of the main and me.  
Mars on the monstrous Lapithæan brood  
Could ruin wreak ; the Sire of gods himself  
To Dian’s wrath old Calydon consigned—  
For what desert of sin so heinous doomed  
Or Lapithæ or Calydon ? But I,  
Jove’s mighty consort, who have deigned to leave  
Nothing undared, ah ! wretched, to all shifts  
Have turned me, by Æneas am subdued.  
Well, if my deity lack might enow,

I'd spurn not to ask aid from whence-so-e'er ;  
If powerless to bend heaven, I'll stir up hell.  
'Twill not be mine to bar him from the throne  
Of Latium—be it so ; and Lavinia stands  
Immutably his fate-appointed bride :  
Yet stay the hour, heap hindrances on hopes  
So mighty—this I may, and extirpate  
Of either prince the people : at such cost  
Of their own kin let son with sire unite !  
O maid, with Trojan and Rutulian blood  
Shalt thou be dowered, and for thy brideswoman  
Bellona waits thee. Nor did Cisseus' child  
Alone of women travail with a brand,  
And bring forth nuptial fires ; nay, Venus too  
Hath the like offspring—a new Paris—borne,  
A bale-torch to the towers of Troy re-risen.'

So saying, she dropped to earth, an awful form,  
And from the dwelling of the Sisters dread,  
E'en from the nether darkness, summons forth  
Baneful Allecto, to whom dolorous wars,  
Wraths, treacheries, and disastrous feuds, are dear.  
Loathed e'en by Pluto, who begat her, loathed  
By her own hellish sisters, is the pest ;  
So many her changing shapes, so fierce her forms,  
So thick she bristles with black-sprouting snakes.  
Her Juno thus bespoke, and whet with words :  
' Grant me this service, this thy proper task,  
O Night-born maiden, lest mine honour fail,  
Or fame fall shattered, and the sons of Troy

With marriage-bonds be able to win o'er  
Latinus, or Italia's bounds beset.

Thou canst arm brothers of one mind for strife,  
With hate wreck houses, on the homes of men  
Fling scourge and funeral-torch ; a thousand names  
To thee belong, a thousand arts of ill.  
Stir thy rife bosom, snap the cords of peace,  
Sow battle's rancorous seed ; let all at once  
Desire, demand, and clutch the tools of war.'

Forthwith Allecto, steeped in Gorgon-bane,  
To Latium first repairs, and the proud halls  
Of the Laurentian monarch, and besets  
Amata's silent bower, who, as she mused  
Upon the coming of the Teucrian lords,  
And Turnus' bridal troth, was seething hot  
With all a woman's grief, a woman's ire.  
At her the goddess from her steely locks  
A serpent hurls, and in her bosom plants  
Hard by the heart ; that, maddened with the pest,  
She may the whole house in confusion whelm.  
'Twixt robe and ivory bosom in it creeps,  
Glides without touch, and maddens unaware,  
Its viper's breath instilling : the great snake  
Becomes the twisted gold about her throat,  
Becomes the hanging head-band, wreathes her hair,  
And o'er her body winds its slippery way.  
Now, while the first contagion creeping in  
With clammy poison penetrates her sense,  
And wraps her bones in fire, ere yet the soul  
Through all her bosom's depth had caught the flame,

Mildly she spoke, in mother's wonted wise,  
Over her daughter shedding many a tear,  
And at the Phrygian bridal: 'Is it then  
To Teucrian exiles that Lavinia's hand,  
Good father, must be given? Hast thou no touch  
Of pity for thy daughter and thyself?  
None for her mother, whom, with the first north wind,  
Yon faithless rover will leave desolate,  
Flying o'er ocean with his maiden-prey?  
Was it not thus the Phrygian shepherd thrid  
His way to Lacedæmon, and from thence  
Bore Leda's Helen to the towns of Troy?  
What of thy plighted word? Where now the love  
Of old time for thy people, the right hand  
So oft to Turnus, to thy kinsman, given?  
If from a foreign race must needs be sought  
A son for Latium, and that purpose hold,  
And thy sire Faunus' word upon thee weigh,  
Then I deem foreign every land self-ruled  
That from our sway lies severed, and that thus  
The gods declare it. Ay, for Turnus too,  
If back to its first fount his line be traced,  
From Inachus and sire Acrisius sprang,  
And mid Mycenæ.'

When, with such-like words  
Making vain trial, she sees Latinus still  
Withstand her, and the serpent's raging bane  
Deep in her very heart has sunk, and now  
Pervades her wholly, then the unhappy queen,

Goaded by monstrous horrors, unrestrained  
Storms, like a thing possessed, from end to end  
Of the broad city. As at times a top  
Scuds 'neath the twisted whip-cord, which boys drive  
In a great circle round some empty hall,  
Intent upon their sport ; it, lash-impelled,  
Careers in curvèd courses ; o'er it gape  
The silly youthful throng, and still admire  
The whirling box-wood ; their blows lend it life :  
She at no tardier speed is onward borne  
Through midst of cities and impetuous tribes.  
Nay, to the forest, under feignèd spell  
Of Bacchic power, essaying mightier crime,  
Launched on a mightier madness, forth she flies,  
And hides her daughter on the wooded heights,  
To rob the Teucrians of their bride, and stay  
The nuptial torches, wildly clamouring  
' Eucæ, Bacchus ! thou only of the maid  
Art worthy, seeing for thee the pliant wand  
She wields, thee celebrates in dance, for thee  
Nurtures the sacred lock.' The rumour flies,  
And all the matrons, with heart-frenzy fired,  
The self-same madness at one moment drives  
To seek new dwellings. They have left their homes,  
Bared necks and tresses to the breeze ; but some  
With quivering shrieks fill heaven, and clad in skins  
Bear wands of vine-wood. Midmost, all aglow,  
Herself uplifts a blazing pine, and chants  
The marriage-song of Turnus and her child,



Rolling a blood-shot eye, and sudden shouts  
Fiercely : ' Ho ! Latian mothers, wheresoe'er,  
Hearken ! If any kindness yet survive  
In loving hearts for poor Amata, if  
Care for a mother's right can pierce you, loose  
The chaplets from your locks, take up with me  
The revel.' So 'mid forest depths, amid  
The wild beasts' lonely covert, far and wide  
With goad of Bacchus Allecto drives the queen.  
When the first rage seemed whetted to her will,  
Latinus' counsel to confusion turned,  
And all his house, forthwith on murky wing  
Floats the grim goddess to the city walls  
Of the bold Rutule, which fair Danaë  
For her Acrisian settlers, as folk tell,  
Founded, borne shoreward by the furious South.  
By men of old the place was Ardea called ;  
And Ardea still her mighty name retains,  
Though fall'n in fortune. Here in his high halls  
Turnus at murk midnight deep slumber drew.  
Allecto doffs grim face and fury-form,  
Shifts to an old wife's semblance, and ploughs up  
Her baleful brow with wrinkles : hoary locks  
She dons and fillet, then, twining therewithal  
A sprig of olive, takes shape as Calybë,  
The priestess old of Juno and her shrine,  
And with these words confronts the warrior's sight :  
' Turnus, wilt suffer to see all thy toils  
Poured out in vain, the crown that is thine own

Signed o'er to Dardan settlers ? Lo ! the king  
Denies thee bride alike and blood-bought dower ;  
And for his throne is sought an outland heir.  
Go now, face thankless perils, jeers for pay ;  
Go, tread the Etruscan armies down, protect  
With peace the Latins. Such the very words  
Saturn's almighty daughter, self-revealed,  
Bade utter in thine ear, when thou should'st be  
Lapped in the hush of night. Uprouse thee then,  
And blithely bid thy warriors arm and march  
Forth from the gates to battle, and burn up  
These that have moored them in our river fair,  
The Phrygian captains and their painted keels.  
The mighty power of heaven commands it. Yea,  
Let King Latinus' self, an he demur  
To yield thee bridal and his oath obey,  
Now taste and prove the power of Turnus armed.'  
Then, jeering at the prophetess, thus oped  
The youth his lips in answer : ' Of a fleet  
Arrived in Tiber's water-way the tale  
Hath not escaped my hearing, as thou deem'st.  
Fashion me no such terrors : nor of us  
Unmindful is Queen Juno ; but thyself  
Old age, good mother, o'er-crept with slow decay,  
Of truth wax'd barren, vexeth with vain cares,  
And fools thee, prophetess, 'mid warring kings  
With empty fear. Thy task it is to guard  
Gods' images and altars ; wars and peace  
Leave men to manage, by whom wars are waged.'

Allecto at such words blazed out in wrath.  
But in mid utterance a swift shudder seized  
The warrior's limbs ; his eyes grew stony-stiff ;  
So thick with myriad serpents hissed the fiend,  
So vast her form expanded. Rolling then  
Her fiery eyes, as he lay faltering there,  
Searching what more to say, she spurned him back,  
Reared from her locks twin serpents, cracked her  
whips,

And with wild utterance added : ' It is I,  
O'er-crept with slow decay, see ! whom old age,  
Of truth wax'd barren, fools 'mid warring kings  
With empty fear ! Turn thee and look on these.  
From the dread Sisters' dwelling am I come,  
And in my hand I carry wars and death.'  
So saying, a torch she hurled at him, and fixed  
The fire-brand all a-smoke with murky light  
Deep in his breast. Vast terror brake his sleep,  
And a sweat bursting forth bathed all his frame,  
Body and bone. For arms he wildly shouts,  
Ransacks for arms both couch and castle ; then  
Lust of the sword and frenzy of cruel war  
Storm high within him, wrath to boot : as, when  
With mighty roar a faggot-fire is heaped  
Under a seething cauldron's sides, up-dance  
With heat the waters ; the pent flood within  
Rages and reeks and surges high with foam ;  
Nor can the wave now hold itself ; anon  
Flies the dark vapour to the void. He then

Calls on his captains, outraging fair peace,  
To march on King Latinus ; bids all arms  
Be ready, to compass Italy and thrust  
The foeman from the land : himself for both,  
Teucrian and Latin too, would sole suffice.  
When thus he had said, called heaven to hear his vows,  
Rutule cheers Rutule eagerly to the fray :  
One the rare charm of youth and beauty moves,  
One his ancestral royalties, and one  
His deed-renowned hand.

While Turnus thus  
With breath of valour fills each Rutule breast,  
Allecto hies on Stygian wing to seek  
The Teucrians, marking, with a new device,  
The spot where fair Iulus on the bank  
Snares the wild quarry, or on foot pursues.  
Here flings upon his hounds the maid of hell  
A sudden fury, and with the well-known scent  
Infects their nostrils for the stag's hot chase—  
First source of ill, which set the rustic heart  
Afire for war. A stag of matchless mould  
There was, and spreading antlers, from its dam  
Stolen and nourished up by Tyrrheus' sons  
And their sire Tyrrheus, of the royal herds  
Ruler, and ranger of the wide domain.  
Their sister Silvia with all tenderness  
Had tamed it to obedience, and would deck  
Its antlers and with pliant wreaths entwine,  
Comb the wild thing, and in pure water lave.

Trained to her hand, and at the master's board  
Familiar, it would wander in the woods,  
And of itself again, how late soe'er,  
Home to the well-known threshold wend its way.  
Now wandering wide, Iulus' ravening hounds  
Amid their hunt aroused it, as down stream  
It chanced to float, or on the grassy bank  
The heat allayed. Ascanius, too, himself  
Fired with the love of peerless praise, bent bow  
And levelled shaft, nor swerved his hand for lack  
Of a god guiding ; and with loud whirr, driven  
Through belly and through flank, the bolt sped home.  
But, to the well-known roof for shelter fled  
The stricken beast, into the homestead crept  
Moaning, and, blood-bedabbled, with loud plaint,  
As supplicating aid, filled all the house.  
First sister Silvia, smiting hand on arm,  
Cries out for help, and summons the stout hinds.  
They, for within the silent forest yet  
Lurks the fell pest, ere looked for, are at hand,  
One with fire-hardened stake for weapon, one  
With heavily knotted club : what every hand  
First groping found, wrath makes a tool of war.  
Tyrreus, just cleaving, as it chanced, an oak  
With wedges' force split four-wise, gripped an axe,  
And breathing out fierce rage, cheers on the band.  
But from her watch-tower the grim goddess now,  
Seizing the hour for mischief, to the stall's  
High roof repairs, and from its summit winds

A pastoral point of war, on wreathèd horn  
Straining the hellish note : from end to end  
Shuddered the whole grove, and the forest-depths  
Re-echoed : heard it Trivia's lake afar,  
Heard it Nar's river, white with sulphurous wave,  
And Velia's springs ; and mothers at the sound  
Trembled, and clasped their children to their breasts.  
Then, hurrying at the call, the signal-blast  
By the dread trumpet given, from every side  
The dauntless husbandmen snatch arms and rush  
Together : nor less the Trojan youth pour forth  
Aid for Ascanius through the open gates.  
The ranks are set : no more in rustic strife  
Is plied the knotty club or fire-seared stake ;  
Nay, but with two-edged steel they fight it out,  
While the dark harvest bristles far and wide  
With naked sword-blades, and the flash of brass  
Sun-fretted darts its radiance to the clouds :  
As, when a wave beneath the rising gale  
'Gins whiten, the sea slowly heaves, and rears  
Its billows higher, then from the lowest deep  
Mounts in one mass to heaven. And hereupon  
First of the foremost by a whizzing shaft  
Young Almo is struck down, once eldest-born  
Of Tyrrheus ; for the wound within his throat  
Clave, and choked up the channel of moist speech  
And the thin life with blood. Around him fell  
Full many a warrior-form, and with them old  
Galæsus, as for peace he interposed ;

Erewhile of all men the most upright he,  
And wealthiest in Ausonian soil. For him  
Five bleating flocks, five herds, from pasture came,  
And with a hundred ploughs he turned the sod.

While on a doubtful field so sways the fight,  
The goddess, proved no weaker than her word,  
Thus having dipt the war in blood and oped  
With death the onset, quits Hesperia's land,  
Wheels through the sky-way, and to Juno thus  
Speaks in proud tone triumphant : ' At thy suit  
See discord ripened into dolorous war !  
Bid them knit friendship or strike treaty now.  
I, who have sprinkled with Ausonian blood  
The Teucrians, will add this beside—so be  
Thy will to me assured—draw neighbouring towns  
With rumours to the fray, and fire their hearts  
With the mad war-god's lust, from far and near  
To aid them. I will sow the land with arms.'  
Juno replies : ' Enough of fears and plots ;  
Firm stand the grounds of quarrel ; in arm'd fight  
Man grapples man ; the weapons chance supplied  
Reek with fresh blood to-day. Such nuptial rite,  
Such bridal let them hold—the peerless seed  
Of Venus and great Latium's king. That thou  
With freer foot should'st roam the air of heaven,  
The mighty Sire, lord of Olympus' height,  
Would suffer not ; give place ; what further toil  
May hap, myself will cope with.' Such the words  
Saturnia spake. But the other rears aloft



Her serpent-hissing pinions, quits the vault  
Of heaven, and homeward to Cocytus hies.  
There is a spot midmost of Italy  
Beneath tall mountains, famous, and renowned  
In many a land, Ampsanctus-vale ; 'tis hemmed  
On this side and on that by wooded walls  
Dark with dense foliage ; and amidst it boils  
And swirls among the rocks with broken roar  
A torrent. Here is shown an awful cave,  
Outlet of cruel Dis ; and a vast chasm,  
Where up bursts Acheron, opes its noisome jaws ;  
Thereinto plunged the Fury, loathèd power,  
And lightened earth and heaven.

Nor less meanwhile  
Sets Queen Saturnia to the work of war  
Her consummating hand. From field to town  
Rush the whole shepherd-rout, bear home their  
slain—

Young Almo, and Galæsus' mangled face—  
Conjure the gods, and on Latinus call.  
Turnus is there, 'mid fiery cries on blood  
Redoubling terror : ' Teucrians called to reign—  
A Phrygian shoot engrafted—he himself  
Spurned from the door !' Then they, whose matrons  
still,

Blinded by Bacchus, foot the pathless groves  
In dance—for mighty is Amata's name—  
Muster from all sides, and importune war.  
Straight, one and all, in spite of signs, in spite

Of dooms from heaven, by some thwart power beguiled,

Clamour for cursèd strife. With emulous zeal  
Round King Latinus' palace-gates they swarm.  
He like an unmoved ocean-cliff withstands—  
An ocean-cliff, which, when a great crash falls,  
And multitudinous billows bark around,  
Holds steadfast by sheer bulk : in vain the crags  
And foamy rocks roar round it ; and the weed,  
Dashed on its bases, is washed idly back.  
But when no power to quell their blind resolve  
Is given, and at fierce Juno's beck goes all,  
Then, heaven and the void air invoking oft,  
' Ah ! broken,' cried the sire, ' by fate are we,  
And driven before the tempest ! Ye yourselves  
Will with your impious blood atone for this,  
Fond wretches ! Thee, O Turnus, thee the crime  
And its dread reckoning shall await ; and thou  
Wilt sue to heaven too late for prayers to aid.  
My rest is won, and, hard on harbour's verge,  
'Tis but a happy death I miss.' Therewith  
He ceased to speak, within his palace doors  
Immured him, and let go the reins of power.

There was a wonted rite in Latium's realm  
Hesperian, holy held from age to age  
By Alba's cities, as to-day by Rome,  
Earth's mightiest, when they rouse the god of war  
To battle, whether against Getic foes  
Intent to launch amain the dolorous fray,

Or Arabs, or Hyrcanians, or to march  
On India's sons, or track the morning-star,  
And from the Parthian their lost standards claim.  
There are twin gates of War—so named and known—  
By holy fear and terror of fell Mars  
Made venerable : a hundred brazen bolts  
Constrain them, and the eternal strength of iron,  
Nor Janus on the threshold slacks his guard.  
Here, be the fathers' will on battle bent,  
The Consul in Quirinal robe arrayed  
And Gabine cincture, the harsh-griding valves  
Himself unbars, himself invokes the fray,  
Then all the war-host follow, and with one throat  
The brazen clarions blare their hoarse assent.  
Now too on this wise was Latinus bidden,  
War to proclaim against the sons of Troy,  
Unclose the sullen portals. From their touch  
The sire recoiled, turned from the loathèd task  
Shrinking, and shrouded him in eyeless gloom.  
Then, gliding from on high, the queen of heaven  
With her own hand the lingering portals pushed,  
And Saturn's daughter upon back-swung hinge  
Asunder burst the iron-bound gates of war.  
Ausonia, erst supine, immovable,  
Anon takes fire. Some gird them o'er the plain  
To march afoot ; some, mounted on tall steeds,  
Storm through a cloud of dust ; all shout for arms.  
Some furbish with rich lard the buckler smooth,  
The javelin bright, or on the whetstone wear

Their axes to an edge : with joy they thrill  
To advance the standard, hear the trumpet bray.  
Five mighty cities set their anvils up  
To fashion arms anew—Atina strong,  
Proud Tibur, Ardea, and Crustumeri,  
And turret-crowned Antemnæ. For head-gear  
Helmets they hollow, and for the boss of shields  
Bend wicker-plait ; some corslets beat from brass,  
Smooth greaves from pliant silver. E'en to this  
The pride of share and hook, to this hath fall'n  
All passion for the plough : their fathers' swords  
I' the furnace they re-temper. And now sounds  
The clarion, speeds the watchword for the war.  
One in hot haste plucks helm from house-wall ; one  
Couples his snorting coursers to the yoke,  
In shield and hauberk triple-twilled with gold  
Arrays him, and girds trusty sword on thigh.

Now, Muses, ope the gates of Helicon  
And wake the song—what kings were roused to war,  
What hosts behind them following filled the plain ;  
Bloomed with what heroes, with what arimour burned,  
E'en then the nursing soil of Italy :  
For, being maids immortal, ye both mind  
And can recount them : scarcely to our ears  
Floats through the ages a thin breath of fame.

First to the field, despiser of the gods,  
Speeds fierce Mezentius from the Tyrrhene coast,  
And arms his ranks for battle ; hard by him  
Lausus his son, than whom no goodlier man,

Save Turnus of Laurentum. At his back  
Lausus, steed-tamer, beast-destroyer, leads  
His thousand from Agylla's town—in vain ;  
Worthy of happier service as a son,  
And other than Mezentius for his sire.  
Behind them on the grassy sward displays  
His palm-crown'd chariot and victorious steeds  
A hero, sprung from Hercules the fair,  
Fair Aventinus : on his shield he bears  
A hundred serpents, his ancestral sign,  
The snake-encircled Hydra. Him by stealth  
The priestess Rhea on wood-clothed Aventine,  
Woman with god commingling, bare to light,  
When the Tirynthian victor, Geryon quelled,  
Arrived the fields Laurentian, and there bathed  
His kine Iberian in the Tuscan stream.  
Javelins and cruel pikes they wield for war,  
And fight with tapering-tipped Sabellian dart.  
Himself, swinging a lion's monstrous fell  
Shaggy with fearful bristles, o'er his head  
Flung with its flashing teeth, thus strode on foot  
Into the palace, grisly-rough, the garb  
Of Hercules about his shoulders clasped.

Then brethren twain from Tibur's hold, a folk  
Called from their brother's name Tiburtus, come,  
Catillus and keen Coras, Argive youths.  
First of the foremost, on they press, where darts  
Throng thickest : as when from some tall mountain-top  
Descend two cloud-born Centaurs, Homolē

Or snow-capped Othrys quitting with swift stride ;  
The mighty forest as they go gives place,  
And with loud crash the thickets yield them way.

Nor lacked the founder of Prænestë's town,  
King sprung from Vulcan 'mid the pasturing herds,  
And by the fireside found, as every age  
Hath deemed him—Cæculus. A rustic band  
Spread wide attends him, those that dwell on steep  
Prænestë's height, or Gabian Juno's fields,  
Chill Anio, or the stream-dewed Hernic rocks ;  
Whom rich Anagnia nurtures, or whom thou,  
Sire Amasenus. Arms they have not all,  
Nor shield, nor sounding chariot. The more part  
Sling bullets of blue lead. Some javelins twain  
Brandish in hand, with tawny wolfskin cap  
For head-gear : the left foot bare-soled they plant ;  
The other a raw bull's hide sandal sheathes.

Messapus, the steed-tamer, Neptune's child,  
Whom none with fire, nor yet with steel, may quell,  
Tribes long inert, and ranks to battle strange  
Calls suddenly to arms, grasps sword once more.  
These have Fescennine warriors in their host,  
And Æqui of Falerium ; these hold high  
Soractë and Flavianian fields, the lake  
And hill of Ciminus, and Capena's groves.  
In measured time they march and chant their king :  
As snow-white swans that, through the liquid clouds  
From food returning, utter forth their full  
Long-throated strains. The stream and Asia's fen

Afar ring smitten. Nor had one deemed them there  
A mail-clad army blent in vast array,  
But rather of hoarse birds an airy cloud,  
That from the deep mid-ocean shoreward ply.

Lo ! Clausus of old Sabine blood, who leads  
A mighty host, himself a host in might !  
From whom the Claudian tribe and clan to-day,  
Since Rome was with the Sabine shared, spreads wide  
Through Latium : and along with them the vast  
Cohort of Amiternum and old-world  
Quirites, all Eretum's folk, and they  
Of olive-rife Mutusca ; men who throng  
Nomentum's city and the Rosean plain  
Hard by Velinus ; who the rugged rocks  
Of Tetrica, and mount Severus hold,  
Casperia's town, and Forali, and where flows  
Himella's stream ; who drink of Tiber's wave  
And Fabaris, or whom chilly Nursia sends,  
With Horta's squadrons and the Latian tribes,  
And they whom Allia, evil-boding name,  
Parts with dividing current : numberless  
As billows that on Libya's sea-floor roll,  
When fierce Orion sets in wintry wave,  
Or thick as clustering corn-ears, that beneath  
The young sun ripen, or on Hermus' plain,  
Or Lycia's yellowing fields. Their bucklers clang,  
And the earth quakes for terror as they tread.

Halæsus next, of Agamemnon's stock,  
Foe to the name of Troy, yokes steed to car,



And whirls a thousand warlike tribes along  
To fight for Turnus, men who till with hoe  
The wine-blest Massic region, or sent forth  
From their high hills by the Auruncan sires,  
Or Sidicine low-dwellers hard at hand ;  
Comers from Cales, and who dwell beside  
Volturnus' shoaly river, and with these  
The rough Saticulan, and the Oscan band ;  
Smooth-polished clubs for missiles, 'tis their wont  
With a tough thong to fit them ; the left arm  
A leathern target shields ; curv'd swords they bear  
For close encounter.

Nor must thou depart  
Unhonoured of our song, O Æbalus,  
Whom, as folk tell, the nymph Sebethis bare  
To Telon, when now full of years he ruled  
The Teleboic realm of Capreæ.  
But, with his sire's domain wax'd ill-content,  
E'en then the son was curbing 'neath his sway  
The wide Sarrastian peoples, and the plains  
By Sarnus washed, folk that in Rufræ dwell  
And Batulum and Celemna's furrowed fields,  
And those on whom the battlements look down  
Of apple-boughed Abella. These were wont  
In Teuton wise long darts to hurl amain :  
Peeled cork-tree bark for head-gear, their slight shields  
Are glittering brass, and glittering brass their swords.

And thee too, Ufens, from her mountain-perch  
Nersæ sent forth to battle, fame-renowned,

And fortunate in war, whose Æquian folk  
On their stiff clods are rugged beyond all,  
And to hard hunting in the woods inured.  
In arms they task the furrow, and evermore  
Amass new plunder, and by rapine live.

Ay, and a priest of race Marruvian came,  
His head with garland of rich olive dight,  
By King Archippus sent, Umbro the brave,  
Who on the viper's brood and water-snakes  
Of baneful breath, with charm of voice and touch  
Shed slumber, and assuaged their wrath, his craft  
Their bites allaying. But stroke of Dardan spear  
To heal he skilled not, nor his slumberous charms  
Availed against their wounds, nor herbs with care  
Culled on the Marsian mountains. Wept for thee  
Anguitia's grove, for thee the glassy wave  
Of Fucinus, the crystal pools for thee.

There Virbius to the war in beauty strode,  
Son of Hippolytus, whom in flower of fame  
His mother sent, Aricia ; nursed he was  
In groves Egerian round the humid shores,  
Where Dian's rich and gracious altar stands.  
Ay, for Hippolytus, so runs the tale,  
By stepdame's treachery done to death, and torn  
By his scared steeds, to glut a sire's revenge,  
Came back to daylight and the air of heaven,  
Called by the Healer's herbs and Dian's love,  
Then, wroth that mortal should from shades of hell  
Rise to the light of life, the Almighty Sire

With his own levin-bolt to Stygian wave  
Thrust down the finder of such craft and cure,  
The Phœbus-born. But Trivia of her grace  
In a dim dwelling hides Hippolytus,  
To nymph Egeria and her grove consigned,  
Alone, obscure, in woods of Italy  
With altered name, as Virbius, to live on.  
Whence too, from Trivia's shrine and hallowed groves  
Horn-hoofed steeds are banished, for that they,  
Frighted by ocean-monsters, on the shore  
Flung car and warrior. But the son no less  
His fiery steeds along the level plain  
Was driving, and rushed charioted to war.

Himself too Turnus, of surpassing mould,  
Amid the foremost moving, arms in hand,  
By a whole head o'ertops them ; his proud helm,  
Tressed with a triple plume, Chimæra bears,  
Out-breathing from her jaws Ætnean fires,  
The madlier raging with more baleful flames  
As deeplier the red field with carnage ran.  
But his smooth shield Io with lifted horns  
In gold emblazoned, now with hair o'ergrown,  
Now turned to heifer, a stupendous sign,  
And Argus, the maid's warder, and therewith,  
His flood outpouring from a graven urn,  
Sire Inachus. Behind the hero comes  
A cloud of footmen, and o'er all the plain  
The shielded ranks are thickening, Argive men,  
The Auruncan musters with the Rutule ranks ;

And old Sicani, the Sacranian host  
And gay-shielded Labici ; who thy lawns,  
O Tiber, and Numicius' sacred shore  
Till, or with ploughshare tame the Rutule heights  
And Circë's ridge ; over whose fields enthroned  
Rules Jove of Anxur, and Feronia sits  
Rejoicing in her greenwood ; where out-stretched  
Lies the black marsh of Satura, and where  
Along the valley-bottoms winds his way  
Cold Ufens, till he plunges in the deep.

To crown them comes Camilla, Volscian-bred,  
Heading her horse-troop, squadrons bright with brass,  
A warrior-maid, her woman's hands unused  
To loom or basket of Minerva's wool,  
But strong to bide the battle, and on foot  
Out-race the breezes : she might e'en have sped  
Over the unlopped harvest-blades, nor bruised  
The tender ears in running, or have skimmed  
Mid-ocean, poised upon the billow's swell,  
Nor in the surges dipped her flying feet.  
At her, astonished, youths and maidens all  
From house and field throng gazing, as she goes,  
Agape with wonder at the royal pomp  
Of purple draped about her shoulders smooth,  
Her tresses intertwined with clasp of gold—  
To mark the Lycian quiver that she bears,  
And pastoral wand of myrtle tipped with steel.

## BOOK VIII

## ÆNEID VIII

WHEN Turnus from his citadel flung out  
The flag of war, and hoarse the clarions blared,  
When his bold steeds he roused, and clashed his arms,  
Straight every heart is stirred ; all Latium thrills,  
Leagued in one wild uprising, and her sons  
Rage madly. From all sides the warrior chiefs  
Messapus, Ufens, and Mezentius  
The god-despiser, call their musters in,  
And strip the wide fields of their husbandmen.  
Then to the city of great Diomedé,  
To sue for succour, Venulus is sent  
With tidings of a Teucrian host afoot  
In Latium ; that Æneas, to their shores  
Fleet-wafted, with his vanquished household-gods  
Invades them, claims to be their destined king ;  
That to the Dardan lord cleaves many a tribe,  
And louder and more loud through Latium's breadth  
His name is rumoured : what he builds on these  
Beginnings, to what outcome of the fray,  
Should fortune follow at his back, aspires—

This must to Diomede more plain appear  
Than to King Turnus, or the Latin king.

So sets the tide through Latium. But the prince,  
Laomedon's great son, beholding all,  
Is rocked upon a mighty sea of cares ;  
Hither and thither his swift mind he parts,  
Speeds it all ways, and sweeps the round of thought :  
As when from water in a brazen vat  
A flickering beam, shot by the mirrored sun  
Or bright moon's image, flits from side to side  
O'er all things, and at last, up-mounting, strikes  
The fretted ceiling of the roof on high.

'Twas night, and weary creatures, the world o'er,  
Both bird and cattle-kind, deep slumber held ;  
When sire *Æneas* on the bank beneath  
Heaven's chilly vault, and by the dolorous war  
Heart-troubled, stretched him, and let sleep at last  
Steal o'er his limbs. To him appeared the god  
Of that fair spot, he of the pleasant stream,  
Old Tiber, rising 'mid his poplar-leaves ;  
Veiled in a grey-green mantle of fine lawn,  
With shadowy reeds about his locks, he thus  
In words addressed him, and his grief allayed :

'O heaven-descended, thou who bring'st us back  
Troy's city from the foeman, and preserv'st  
Her towers for ever, on Laurentum's soil  
And Latium's fields long-looked for, here for thee  
Waits a sure dwelling—draw not back—and sure  
Penates : nor be scared by threats of war :

All the gods' swelling anger has died out ;  
And now, lest these things to thine eyes appear  
A dream's vain figment, thou shalt find anon,  
Under the holm-oaks on the margin laid,  
A mighty sow, with thirty head of swine  
New-littered, white, stretched out along the ground,  
White young about her udders ; sign whereby  
Ascanius in thrice ten returning years  
Shall Alba found, of glorious name : I chant  
No doubtful doom. Now, mark, the present need  
How to despatch and triumph o'er, in brief  
I'll teach thee. The Arcadians on this coast,  
A race derived from Pallas, in the train  
Of King Evander following, have a site  
Chosen, and built a city on the hills,  
From their sire Pallas Pallanteum called.  
These with the Latins wage perpetual war ;  
These welcome to thy tents, and knit with bonds  
Of friendship. I myself betwixt the banks  
And straight up stream will lead thee, that thou may'st  
The adverse current conquer, oar-impelled.  
Up, goddess-born ! and with first set of star  
Do homage meet to Juno, and disarm  
With suppliant vows her wrath, her threats ; to me  
'Thou shalt pay conqueror's tribute. Lo ! 'tis I,  
Whom grazing here the banks with brimming flood  
And cleaving the rich cornland thou behold'st,  
Blue Tiber, river best-beloved of heaven.  
Here my majestic dwelling soars aloft,



The crown of mighty cities.' He had said ;  
Into his deep pool plunged the river-god,  
Seeking the bottom. Night and slumber left  
Æneas : he rises, and the Orient beam  
Marks of the sun in heaven, then from the flood  
Takes duly in the hollow of his hands  
Water, and holds it, and pours forth to heaven  
Such words as these : ' O nymphs, Laurentian nymphs,  
Whence rivers have their being, and thou too,  
O Father Tiber, with thy hallowed flood,  
Take to your care Æneas, and at length  
From perils fend him. Whencesoe'er upsprings  
The pool that holds thee, pitiful of our woes,  
Where'er thou leapest into glorious birth,  
Ever with offering, evermore with gifts,  
By me shalt thou be graced, the hornèd stream,  
Lord of Hesperian waters. Only grant  
Thy presence, and with nearer token seal  
The heavenly utterance.' Thus he spake, and chose  
From out his fleet twin biremes, fits their decks  
With oarsmen, and equips with arms the crew.  
But lo ! a sudden portent strange to see !  
White, of one colour with her milk-white young,  
Along the wood, on the green bank lay stretched  
A sow, conspicuous ; which to thee, to thee,  
O mightiest Juno, good Æneas slays  
In sacrifice, and at the altar sets,  
With all her offspring. Through that livelong night  
Tiber his swelling stream assuaged, and so,

With reflux effort halting, hushed his tide,  
That, like still pool or quiet mere, he spread  
A watery plain, whereon the oar might lack  
All labour. So with favouring shout they speed  
Upon the voyage begun : the tarred pine slides  
Along the surface : wonder holds the waves,  
Wonder the unaccustomed grove, to see  
The shields of warriors gleaming bright afar,  
And the gay vessels gliding on the stream.  
They with their rowing wear out night and day,  
Pass the long bends, are roofed with divers trees,  
And cleave green forests on the glassy flood.  
The fiery sun to heaven's mid cope had climbed,  
When walls and citadel afar they spy,  
And scattered house-roofs, which Rome's power to-day  
Has matched with heaven, then but the needy realm  
Swayed by Evander. Shoreward speedily  
They turn their prows, and to the town draw nigh.  
Chanced on that day the Arcadian monarch paid  
Due honour to Amphitryon's mighty son  
And the high gods, within a grove that faced  
The city. His son Pallas, hard at hand,  
With all the chiefs and simple senate, brought  
Incense, and warm blood at the altar smoked.  
Soon, as they saw the lofty ships glide in,  
Thrid the dark woodland, and ply silent oars,  
Scared at the sudden vision, all up-leap  
And quit the board. But Pallas, undismayed,  
Forbids break off the banquet, grasps a spear,

Speeds toward them, and from a far hillock cries :  
‘ Warriors, what cause to try an unknown path  
Constrains you ? Whither fare ye ? Of what race ?  
Sprung from what home ? and bring ye peace or  
war ? ’

Then Sire Æneas from the lofty stern  
Speaks, in his hand a peaceful olive-branch  
Out-stretching : ‘ These are Trojans whom ye see ;  
Darts deadly but to Latins, who have spurned  
And forced us into flight with wanton war.  
We seek Evander : bear this message back,  
And say the flower of Dardan chiefs are come  
Craving an armed alliance.’ At the sound  
Of that great name Pallas stood thunderstruck :  
‘ Whoe’er thou art, descend, and with my sire  
Speak face to face, and enter the abode  
Of hospitable hearth-gods.’ So, with grasp  
Of welcome, to the chief’s right hand he clave :  
Forth through the grove they fare, and quit the stream.

Then courteously Æneas hails the king :  
‘ Best of the sons of Greece, to whom I pray—  
So wills it Fortune—and come proffering boughs  
With fillet decked, I feared not for that thou  
A Danaan leader art, Arcadian-born,  
And from the twin Atridæ’s stem derived ;  
But my own worth, high auguries from heaven,  
And our ancestral kinship, and thy fame  
Spread through the world, have knit me to thy side,  
And led me fain along the path of fate.

Dardanus, father of our Ilian town  
And founder, to the Teucrians came of old,  
Sprung from Electra the Atlantid, so  
Greek legend saith ; Electra was begot  
Of mightiest Atlas, who up-shouldering bears  
The orbs of heaven. Your sire is Mercury,  
Whom Maia fair on chill Cyllene's top  
Conceived and bore ; but Maia, if tales heard  
Win credence, from the selfsame Atlas sprung,  
Atlas, who holds aloft the starry heaven :  
So branches from one blood the line of both.  
On this relying, no embassy I planned,  
No artful first approaches : me myself,  
Yea mine own person, have I brought, and come  
A suppliant to your doors. The selfsame race,  
The Daunian, persecutes ourselves, as thee,  
With cruel warfare ; if they drive us forth,  
'Twere all as one, think they, beneath their yoke  
To thrust Hesperia wholly, and possess  
Both seas that wash her shores, above, below.  
Take and return our friendship ; we have hearts  
Valiant for war, high courage, and a youth  
In action tried.' Æneas ceased. The king  
Long since the speaker's countenance and eyes  
And his whole frame was scanning ; then he makes  
Brief answer : ' Bravest of the sons of Troy,  
Thus to receive, to recognise thee thus,  
How fain am I ! How I recall the words,  
The voice, the features of thy sire, the great

Anchises ! for I mind how Priam once,  
Son of Laomedon, when he came to view  
The realm of Hesione his sister, bound  
For Salamis, passed thence and visited  
Arcadia's chill borders. In those days  
The down of early manhood clothed my cheeks ;  
And I admired the Teucrian lords, admired  
Laomedon's great son, but high o'er all  
Anchises towered. With youthful zeal I burned  
To accost the hero, and clasp hand to hand.  
Approaching, eagerly his steps I led  
To Phenœus' city. He, departing thence,  
A glorious quiver gave me, Lycian shafts,  
A gold-embroidered scarf, and bridles twain  
All golden, which my Pallas owns to-day.  
Therefore the hand ye seek is joined with yours  
In treaty, and when first to-morrow's dawn  
Shall earth revisit, I will send you hence,  
Glad of our succour, and with stores supply.  
Meanwhile this yearly service, (since ye come  
Hither as friends) which to defer were sin,  
Keep with us, of your grace, and learn e'en now  
To grow familiar at your comrades' board.'

So saying, the viands and wine-cup, erst removed,  
He bids set on afresh, with his own hand  
Ranges the heroes on a grassy couch,  
To a heap'd cushion of rough lion's fell  
Welcomes Æneas, as most honoured guest,  
And entertains him on a maple throne.

Then those appointed, with the altar-priest,  
In emulous service bring roast flesh of steers,  
Pile upon baskets Ceres' hand-wrought boon,  
And serve the wine-cup. There Æneas feasts,  
With him the Trojans, upon long bull's chine  
And sacrificial morsels. When at length  
Hunger was ousted, lust of food appeased,  
Spake King Evander : ' These our solemn rites,  
This wonted feast, this altar so divine,  
No idle superstition, that knows not  
The gods of old, hath ordered ; as men saved  
From deadly perils, O my Trojan guest,  
These offerings pay we, and of right renew.  
First look upon yon cliff-hung crag, and how  
Huge blocks afar lie scattered, and void stands  
The mountain-dwelling ! Of down-tumbled rocks  
How vast the havoc ! Here was once a cave,  
Deep-yawning inward, where, terrific shape,  
Half-human Cacus dwelt, to the sun's rays  
Impenetrable ; and evermore the ground  
Reeked with fresh blood, and to its tyrannous doors  
Hung nailed men's faces, blanched with grim decay.  
This monster's sire was Vulcan ; his the flames  
Dark-issuing from his mouth, as on he strode  
In bulk gigantic. To us also time  
Brought in due course, at our desire, the aid  
And advent of a god. For hard at hand  
Alcidēs, mightiest of avengers, stood,  
Now glorying in the slaughter and the spoils

Of triple Geryon, as this way he drove  
His giant bulls, triumphant, while the kine  
Filled vale and river-side. But Cacus now,  
In a brute-frenzy, not to leave undared  
Or unattempted aught of crime or guile,  
Four bulls of peerless beauty stole from stall,  
With heifers of surpassing mould to match.  
These by the tail, no forward track to leave,  
Into his cavern, with back-pointing steps,  
He haled, and hid them in the gloomy rock :  
No footprint led the seeker to the cave.  
Meanwhile, when his full herds Amphitryon's son  
Would from their pasture shift, at point to go,  
Bellowed the parting oxen ; all the grove  
O'erflows with their complaining, and the hills  
Are clamorously forsaken. To that cry  
One of the heifers from the cave's vast depth  
Low'd in response, and from her prison foiled  
The hope of Cacus. In Alcidēs' heart  
Black-venomed wrath straight into fury blazed ;  
Seizing his arms and heavily knotted club,  
Full speed he hies him up the skiey steep.  
Then first our folk beheld Cacus afeard,  
And trouble in his eyes : away he speeds  
Swifter than Eurus, his feet wing'd with fear,  
And seeks the cave : soon as, shut fast within,  
He had burst the chains, and let the vast rock fall,  
Which hung there by his father's art and iron—  
Propped firm and barricaded thus the door,



Lo ! he of Tiryns, in a frenzy of wrath,  
Was close upon him, to this side and that  
Turning his eyes, as each approach he scanned,  
And gnashing with his teeth. Thrice he surveys,  
Boiling with anger, Aventine's whole hill,  
Thrice tries in vain the rocky portal, thrice  
Sinks wearied in the valley. A sharp peak  
Stood there, with rocky sides up-rising sheer  
Above the cave's back, far as sight could soar,  
Fit dwelling for foul birds to build in. This,  
As headlong from the ridge it leftward leaned  
Over the river, from the right he shook  
Straining against it, and up-wrenched, and tore  
Loose from its lowest roots, then suddenly  
Launched forth ; and, as he launched it, bellowed loud  
The mighty welkin, and asunder leapt  
The river banks, and the affrighted stream  
Flowed backward. But the cave and ample hall  
Of Cacus lay discovered, bare to view,  
With its dark hollows yawning to their depth :  
As if the rent earth should ope wide her mouth,  
Unlock the infernal dwellings and disclose  
The pale realm hated of the gods, whereby  
The vasty gulf should from above be seen,  
And the ghosts tremble, as floods in the light.  
Him, then, quick-caught by the unlooked-for glare,  
Pent in his rock-cage, uttering uncouth roars,  
Alcidēs from above plies home with darts,  
Calls every arm to aid him, and bombards

With boughs and mighty mill-stones. He, the while,  
Escape none else remaining, from his jaws  
Vomits a vast smoke, marvellous to tell,  
Wraps in pitch darkness the whole den, and blots  
All eyesight out, up-rolling from the abyss  
One stifling night of blackness blent with fire.  
This brooked not fierce Alcidēs : through the flames  
With headlong bound he cast him, where the smoke  
Was billowing densest, and the mighty cave  
Boiled with black vapour. Cacus here he seized,  
Still belching forth vain fires amid the gloom,  
Locked limbs about him, and strangled as he clave,  
Till his eyes started and his throat lacked blood.  
Straight are the doors burst, the black den laid bare,  
And the stol'n cattle and the theft forsworn  
Shown to the eye of heaven ; and by its feet  
The huge mis-shapen carcase is dragged forth.  
Men's souls cannot be sated, as they gaze  
Upon the terrible eyes, face, bristling breast  
Of the man-monster, and his fire-quench'd throat.  
Hence sprang this high observance ; and with joy  
Have younger generations kept the day :  
Potitius, the first founder, and the house  
Pinarian, keeper of the sacred rites  
Of Hercules, erected in the grove  
This altar, which shall evermore be called  
Mightiest, and mightiest evermore shall be.  
Up, then, O warriors ! such high deeds to grace  
Garland your locks, hold forth the cup in hand,

Call on our common god, and with good will  
Pour ye the wine.' He scarce had said, when lo!  
About his locks the twy-hued poplar's twine,  
Shade dear to Hercules, festooned and hung,  
And his right hand the sacred beaker clasped.  
Then on the board right quickly one and all  
Make glad libation, and the gods adore.

Evening meanwhile adown Olympus' slope  
Draws nearer; and the priests, Potitius first,  
Marched, as was wont, skin-clad and carrying fire.  
They spread the board afresh, new dainties bring  
For the new feast, and heap the altars high  
With groaning chargers. Then come forth to sing  
The Salii round the altar-glow, brow-bound  
With sprays of poplar; here a band of youths,  
Of elders there, commemorate in song  
The fame and feats of Hercules; how first  
With grip of hand he strangled the twin snakes,  
The monsters of his step-mother, anon  
Dashed peerless cities to the ground in war,  
Troy and Œchalia: how hard toil on toil,  
As King Eurystheus' vassal, he endured,  
By cruel Juno's doom. 'Unconquerable,  
Thou dost the cloud-begotten and twy-formed  
Hylæus slay and Pholus with thy might,  
Thou too the Cretan monster, and the vast  
Lion that dwelt beneath the Nemean rock.  
Trembled at thee the Stygian lake, at thee  
Hell's warder, couched above his mumbled bones

In the blood-boultered cave : no bodily shape  
E'er daunted thee, no, not Typhœus' self,  
Up-towering armed ; nor round thee, shiftless caught,  
Reared Lerna's worm its multitudinous head.  
Hail, very child of Jove, to the high gods  
An added glory ! with propitious foot  
To us and thine own rites draw kindly nigh.'  
Such themes in song they celebrate, and crown  
All with the cave of Cacus, and himself  
Out-panting blasts of fire. To their loud din  
The whole grove echoes and the hills resound.

Then, sacrifice done duly, one and all  
Turn city-ward. The king, o'er-crept with age,  
Moved onward, keeping ever at his side  
Æneas and his son, with various talk  
Lightening the way. Æneas on all around  
Casts quick admiring eyes ; spot after spot  
Enthralls him ; and with rapture he enquires  
And learns the legends of the men of old.  
Then, founder of Rome's fortress on the height,  
Spake King Evander : ' In these woodlands once  
Dwelt native Fauns and nymphs, a race of men  
From tree-stocks sprung and stubborn hearts of oak,  
Who had no rule, no art of life, nor knew  
To yoke the steer, heap wealth, or husband it,  
But fed on branches and rough hunting-fare.  
Then from Olympus' height first Saturn came,  
Flying the arms of Jove, from his lost realm  
An exile. He the untutored race, broadcast

Among the mountain-tops, together brought,  
And learned them laws, and chose for the land's  
name

Latium, since there safe-hidden he had lain.  
Under his sceptre were the golden years  
Men tell of, in such peace he ruled the folk ;  
Till a worse age and duller-hued crept in  
Little by little, and wild rage of war,  
And lust of having. Then the Ausonian host  
And tribes Sicanian came ; and many a time  
The land of Saturn cast her name away ;  
Then kings arose, and with his monstrous bulk  
Fierce Thybris, from whom we of Italy  
Have since called Tiber's river, when Albula  
Lost its true olden name. Myself, from home  
Outcast and exile, to the utmost bounds  
Of ocean questing, the resistless might  
Of Fortune and inevitable Fate  
Here planted, by my mother's dread behest,  
The nymph Carmentis, driven, and by the word  
And warrant of Apollo's voice divine.'  
He said, and passing thence the altar shows  
And gate Carmental, name by Rome of yore  
In honour of the nymph Carmentis given,  
That prophetess of sooth, who first foretold  
The future greatness of the Æneadæ  
And Pallanteum's glory. Next he shows  
A vast grove which brave Romulus made serve  
For Sanctuary, and 'neath the chill rock's depth

Lupercal, by Parrhasian custom called  
Of Pan Lycæan. And he shows the grove  
Of sacred Argiletum, and invokes  
The spot to witness, and recounts the death  
Of his guest Argus. Hence he leads them on  
To the Tarpeian Rock, the Capitol,  
Gay-golden now, but whilom bristling rough  
With woodland thickets. Its dread awe made quake  
E'en then the fearful rustics ; ay, e'en then  
They shuddered at the forest and the rock.  
'This grove,' said he, 'this hill with leafy crown  
Is a god's dwelling, but what god's, unknown.  
Arcadia's folk believe they oft have seen  
Jove's very hand the darkening ægis shake,  
And summon up the storm-cloud. Here again  
Two cities seest thou with dismantled walls,  
Relics and records of the men of old :  
One fort sire Janus, and one Saturn, built—  
This called Saturnia, that Janiculum.'  
So communing they drew nigh the roof where dwelt  
Thrifty Evander, and saw cattle stray  
Lowing within Rome's Forum and superb  
Carinæ. When to his abode they came,  
'These doors,' said he, 'Alcides' conquering feet  
Once entered ; him this palace hath contained.  
Dare to spurn wealth, and shape thyself, O guest,  
Like him, worthy of godship, and approach  
All undisdainful of our humble hoard.'  
He spake, and 'neath the roof-tree's narrow slope

Led great Æneas, and set him on a couch  
Of strewn leaves, and a Libyan she-bear's fell.

Night falls, and clasps the earth with dusky wings.  
But Venus, mother-like, with no vain fear  
Scared, and disturbed by the Laurentians' threats  
And rude up-rising, thus to Vulcan speaks,  
And in her golden nuptial bower begins,  
Breathing the love-tones of immortal lips :  
' While Argive kings were ravaging with war  
Troy's doomèd towers, and ramparts soon to sink  
In hostile flames, no succour I, nor arms  
Craved of thine art or power ; nor, dearest lord,  
Thee or thy travail would I tax for naught,  
Deep though my debt to Priam's sons, and oft  
As my tears mourned Æneas' sore distress.  
Now, by Jove's sovereign word, his foot stands firm  
Upon the Rutule shore : I therefore now  
Come suing, and of the godhead I adore  
Crave boon of arms, a mother for her son.  
Thee Nereus' daughter, thee Tithonus' bride,  
Could with their tears unbend. See what a league  
Of nations, see what cities with closed gates  
Now whet the sword, to uproot me and mine.'  
The goddess ceased, and with the soft embrace  
Of snowy arms about his body wound  
Fondled him, as he faltered. Quick he caught  
The wonted fire ; the old heat pierced his heart,  
Ran through his melting frame : as oftentimes  
A fiery rift, burst by the thunder-clap,



Runs quivering down the cloud, with flash of light.  
This saw his spouse, and at her guile rejoiced  
In conscious beauty. Then thus spake the sire,  
Enthralled by love immortal : ' Wherefore seek  
Afar for pretexts ? Whither then hath fled  
Thy faith in me, my goddess ? Nay, had'st thou  
So yearned of yore, e'en then I had not sinned  
To arm the Teucrians ; nor the Almighty Sire,  
Nor Fate forbad it, that for ten years yet  
Troy-towers should stand, and Priam's life endure.  
And now, if war thou hast in hand to wage,  
If such thy purpose, lo ! what pains so-e'er  
My craft can offer, what from ore of iron  
Or molt'n electrum may be wrought, so far  
As fire and air may stead thee—cease to pray,  
Mistrustful of thy power.' So saying, he gave  
The embrace he longed for, on her bosom sank,  
And wooed calm slumber to o'er-glide his limbs.

Soon as the first repose had banished sleep,  
Hard on the half-way course of driven night,  
What time a woman, forced to eke out life  
With distaff and Minerva's slender toil,  
Stirs up the embers of her slumbering fire,  
To labour adding night, and by the glare  
Plies hard her handmaids o'er the tedious task,  
That she may keep her husband's couch from stain  
And rear her infant sons, not otherwise,  
Nor than that hour more slothful, from soft bed  
Rose to his anvil-work the lord of fire.

There is an isle hard by Sicania's coast  
That rises, and Æolian Liparë,  
With smoking rocks precipitous, wherebeneath  
Thunders a cave, and Ætna's vaults, scooped out  
By Cyclopean forges ; the strong strokes  
Of anvils to the ear bring echoing groans ;  
Hisses the steel ore through its hollow depths,  
And from its furnaces pants fire—the home  
Of Vulcan, and Vulcania the land's name.  
Then hither from heaven's height the lord of fire  
Descends. In their vast cave the Cyclops-brood  
Were forging iron, Brontes and Steropes,  
And naked-limbed Pyracmon. By their hands  
Shaped, and e'en now part-burnished, was a bolt  
Such as the sire from heaven's wide cope to earth  
Hurls many a time ; part yet unfinished lay.  
Three shafts of writhen shower, of watery cloud  
Three, had they fused together, three of red  
Flame and of wingèd south-wind, and were now  
Mingling terrific flashes with the work,  
And din, and dread, and wrath's pursuing fires.  
Elsewhere a chariot and swift-flying wheels  
For Mars were they despatching, wherewithal  
He rouseth men and cities, and eagerly  
With serpent-scales of gold were burnishing  
The terrible ægis, stormy Pallas' arm,  
Snakes intertwined, and on the goddess' breast  
The Gorgon's self, throat-severed, and with eyes  
Rolling. ' Away with all ! ' he cried. ' Take hence,

Ætnean Cyclopes, your unfinished tasks,  
And hither hark ye : armour must be made  
For a bold warrior. Now is need of strength,  
Now of deft hands, and all your master-skill :  
Spurn loitering !' There he ceased : they swiftly all  
Bent to the task, like share to each assigned.  
Flows brass in torrents, and flows ore of gold ;  
Melts in huge furnace the wound-working steel.  
A mighty shield they shape, sole to withstand  
All weapons of the Latins, welding it  
Orb upon orb clenched sevenfold. Some, the while,  
Working the windy bellows, in and out  
Let the blasts drive ; some dip i' the water-trough  
The sputtering brass : groans with their anvils' weight  
The cave-floor. They alternately in time  
With giant strength uplift their arms, and turn  
The massy metal with the forceps' grip.

While on Æolian shores the Lemnian sire  
Speeds on the work, Evander the kind dawn  
And matin-songs of birds beneath the eaves  
Rouse from his lowly dwelling. The old man  
Rises, and with a tunic clothes his limbs,  
And binds Tyrrhenian sandals round his feet ;  
Then, fast to side and shoulder buckling on  
A Tegean sword, flings back the panther's hide  
Low-drooping on his left : and therewithal  
Twain watch-dogs from the lofty threshold go  
Before him, and their master's steps attend.  
Toward the secluded chamber of his guest

Æneas fared the hero, of their talk  
Mindful, and his own promised boon. Nor less  
Meanwhile Æneas was astir betimes ;  
Beside him strode Achates, by the king  
Pallas his son. Encountering they clasp hands,  
Then, seated in the palace-midst, at length  
Enjoy free converse. First the king began :  
' O mightiest leader of the Teucrian host,  
Who living, ne'er will I confess the realm  
And power of Troy defeated, scant enow,  
To match a name so famous, are our means  
Of warlike aid : on one side hems us in  
The Tuscan river, on one the Rutule foe  
Presses, and thunders round our wall in arms ;  
But mighty tribes, a camp with kingdoms rich  
With thee to knit I purpose—safety shown  
By chance unlooked for. At the call of Fate  
Hither thou wendest. Not far distant lies  
A peopled city, reared of ancient stone,  
Agylla, where the war-famed Lydian race  
Once had their home upon the Etruscan heights.  
Full many a year it flourished, and then passed  
'Neath the proud sceptre and fierce iron sway  
Of King Mezentius. Why the tale repeat—  
His impious butcheries and mad tiger-deeds ?  
Hoard them, ye gods, on his own head to fall,  
And on his children's ! Nay, he would e'en link  
Dead corpses to the quick, hand locked to hand,  
And mouth to mouth—grim torment—and so steeped

In the rank moisture of that vile embrace  
By lingering death destroy them. But at length,  
Sick of his frantic raging, his own folk  
Hie them to arms, close king and palace round,  
Cut down the guards, and at the roof fling fire.  
He, 'mid the carnage, safe to Rutule soil  
Flies, and finds shelter with the friendly host  
Of Turnus. All Etruria hereupon  
Hath risen in righteous fury, and reclaims  
Her king for vengeance. Of these thousands I  
Will make thee chief, Æneas : for their ships  
O'er all the shore throng clamouring, and bid march  
To battle, whom their agèd seer restrains,  
Thus chanting doom : " Mæonia's chosen hearts,  
Prime flower and pith of a brave race of old,  
Whom righteous anger hurls upon the foe,  
Fired with just wrath against Mezentius, none  
Italian-born so proud a race may tame ;  
Choose outland leaders." Then the Etruscan host,  
By the gods' warning scared, on yonder plain  
Reposed them. Tarchon to myself hath sent  
Envoys, with crown and sceptre of the realm,  
The signs of empire to my charge commits,  
Bids join the camp, assume the Etruscan sway.  
But me the numbing frost of time-worn eld,  
And strength past exploit, grudge the high command.  
My son I had urged, but that his mother's blood  
Blent him a Sabine and half native here.  
Thou who in years and lineage both alike

Of Fate art favoured, whom the heavens demand,  
Go forth, most valiant leader of the sons  
Of Troy and Italy. Ay, and with thee  
Pallas, my comfort and life's hope, I'll send ;  
Thy scholar, let him learn to brook the field  
And the stern work of war, thy deeds behold,  
And thee from youth's first opening years admire.  
Arcadian horse two hundred, our picked strength  
Of manhood, I will give him, and the like  
Pallas in his own name shall give to thee.'

Scarce had he said : Æneas, Anchises' son,  
And true Achates, with eyes earthward bent,  
On many a peril mournfully 'gan muse,  
But that the Cytheræan from clear skies  
Gave signal : for, unlooked for, out of heaven  
Came quivering flash and thunder-peal, and all  
Seemed sudden to reel round them, and anon  
A Tyrrhene trumpet-clang through heaven to blare.  
Upward they glance ; again and yet again  
Crashed the vast din ; then, canopied in cloud  
Amid a stormless region of clear air,  
Lo ! the red gleam and thunderous shock of arms.  
Others stood heart-amazed, but in that sound  
Troy's hero knew his heavenly mother's pledge.  
Then, ' Seek not, O my host, seek not,' he cried,  
' What fate the portent bodes ; 'tis I am called  
From heaven. This sign the goddess who me bare  
Foretold, should war assail us, she would send,  
And wafted through the air from Vulcan bring

Armour to aid me. What vast carnage now  
Hangs o'er the doomed Laurentines ! What a price,  
O Turnus, shalt thou pay me ! 'Neath thy tide  
How many shields, helms, bodies of the brave  
Wilt roll, O father Tiber ! Let them call  
Their armies out, and snap the cords of peace !'

So saying, he gat him from his lofty seat,  
And first with fire to Hercules awakes  
The slumbering altars, and with joy draws nigh  
The Lar of yesterday, and hearth-gods small.  
Alike Evander and Troy's youth alike  
Slay duly chosen victims. To the ships  
Then hies the hero, and reseeks the crews,  
And of their number culls the flower of war  
To follow him afield ; the remnant left  
Ride on the downward stream, and idly float  
With favouring current, to return and tell  
Ascanius of their fortunes and his sire.  
To Teucria's sons for Tyrrhene borders bound  
Chargers are given ; a steed of choice they lead  
Forth for Æneas, in tawny lion's skin  
Housed wholly, that gleamed out with claws of gold.

Noised through the little town swift rumour flies  
That to the palace of the Tyrrhene king  
Horsemen are speeding. Mothers then for fear  
Their vows redouble ; more close on peril treads  
Panic, and larger looms the shape of war.  
Then to his son's right hand, at point to go,  
Fast clings Evander, and insatiate weeps.



‘ Ah ! would but Jupiter,’ he cries, ‘ give back  
The years departed, and the man I was  
When close beneath Prænestë I mowed down  
The foremost ranks, kindled the heapèd shields  
Victorious, and to nether darkness hurled  
With this right hand King Erulus : to him,  
Her son, Feronia at his birth had given—  
Fearful to tell—a triple life to live,  
Thrice to bear arms, thrice o’er to be in death  
Down-stricken : yet him of all his lives that day  
This right hand robbed, and stripped of arms to  
match.

Ne’er from thy dear embrace had I been torn,  
As now, my son ; nor on this neighbour-head  
With armèd insult had Mezentius dealt  
Carnage so cruel, nor of so many sons  
Bereaved my city. But O, ye powers above,  
And Jupiter, prime potentate of heaven,  
Pity, I you beseech, Arcadia’s king,  
And hear a father’s prayer : “ If your dread wills,  
If Fate, keep whole my Pallas, if life be  
Once more to see and meet him, then for life  
I beg, all burdens can with patience bear.  
But, if some dire mischance thou threatenest, now,  
Now, Fortune, let me snap life’s cruel thread,  
While sorrow masks her meaning, while hope hangs  
Uncertain of the future, while I hold  
Thee, boy beloved, my late and lone delight,  
Clasped thus, nor heavier tidings wound mine ear.”

Such final farewell words the sire outpoured,  
Then swooned, and by his serfs was borne within.

Now had the horse-troop through the open gates  
Issued: Æneas at their head with true  
Achates came; then other lords of Troy.  
Pallas himself midmost the column rode,  
With scarf and inwrought arms conspicuous seen:  
As when the dawn-star, washed in ocean's wave,  
Dearer to Venus than all stellar fires,  
Up-lifts in heaven his sacred head and melts  
The darkness. Mothers on the ramparts stand  
Trembling, and following with their eyes afar  
The dust-cloud, and the squadrons bright with brass.  
They through the brushwood, where the journey's end  
Lay nearest, move in arms: a shout goes up,  
And in formed column, hark! the four-foot tramp  
Of galloping horse-hoofs shakes the crumbling plain.  
There is a vast grove near cold Cære's stream,  
Wide-worshipped with ancestral awe; a cirque  
Of hollow hills enfolds it, with black pine  
Girdling the forest. 'Twas dedicate, folk tell,  
Both grove and feast-day, to Silvanus, god  
Of field and flock, by the Pelasgians old,  
Who erst within the Italian borders dwelt.  
Not far from hence, camped in a sheltered spot,  
Were Tarchon and the Etruscans; all their host  
From the high hill-top might be seen outspread  
Along the tented fields. Hither repair

Æneas and his chosen warrior train,  
And for tired limbs and horses find repose.

But Venus, the white goddess, gifts in hand,  
Now through the clouds of heaven drew near, and when  
Her son she spied in the lone vale afar,  
By the cool stream sequestered, with such words  
Hailing, she flashed her presence on his sight :  
'Lo ! by my lord's skill perfected, I bring  
The promised boon, that thou not shrink, my son,  
Or proud Laurentians or keen Turnus' self  
To bid to battle.' Cytherea spake,  
And sought her son's embrace : the gleaming arms  
Beneath a fronting oak she set. He, glad  
Of the divine gift and deep honour done,  
Gazes insatiate, and from point to point  
Lets his eyes wander, and admires, and turns  
'Twixt hand and arm the terrible crested helm  
Out-darting fires, and the death-dealing sword,  
And stiff brass-tempered corslet, blood-red, huge :  
As when a dark blue cloud from the sun's rays  
Takes fire, and gleams afar ; then the smooth greaves—  
Electrum and twice smelted gold—the spear  
And inexpressive fabric of the shield.  
There had the Fire-lord, skilled in prophet-lore,  
Nor witless of the future, wrought the tale  
Of Italy, the triumph-roll of Rome,  
There all the kindred of the race to be,  
Sprung from Ascanius, and the wars they waged,  
One after one ; thereon too he had wrought

The parent-wolf in the green cave of Mars  
Lying outstretched ; around her teats the twins  
Hung playing, and to their mother set their lips  
Undaunted ; she, with shapely neck bent back,  
Fondles by turns, and moulds them with her tongue.  
Nor far from hence he had portrayed withal  
Rome, and the Sabine maidens' lawless rape  
In the thronged seats at the great Circus-games,  
And a new war up-starting, as the sons  
Of Romulus with agèd Tatius closed  
And his stern Curès. Next, the strife allayed,  
Lo ! these two kings were standing armed before  
Jove's altar, cup in hand, as each with each  
They knit firm treaty o'er a slaughtered swine.  
Hard by, the four-horse cars swift-driven had torn  
Mettus in twain—thou should'st have kept thine oath,  
O Alban !—through the brake the liar's limbs  
Tullus is haling ; the splashed thorns drip blood.  
Here too Porsenna, bidding them take back  
The banished Tarquin, with a mighty siege  
Hemmed in the city, while Æneas' sons  
Rushed on the sword for freedom. You might see  
Wrath's semblance, ay, and menace in his face,  
That Coclès should so dare break down the bridge,  
And Cloelia, with snapped fetters, swim the flood.  
There on the top of the Tarpeian hold,  
Manlius, before the temple standing guard,  
Held the high Capitol, the royal roof  
New-bristling with the thatch of Romulus.

And here, in gilded colonnades, the goose  
Fluttered in silver, shrieking that the Gauls  
Were at the gate ; and lo ! the Gauls were near  
Among the brushwood, hard upon the height,  
Shielded by darkness and night's cloudy boon.  
Of gold their locks, and golden their attire ;  
They glitter in striped cloaks, their milk-white necks  
Circled with gold ; two Alpine javelins each  
They brandish, and long bucklers guard their limbs.  
And here the dancing Saliî he had forged,  
And bare Luperci, the wool-tufted caps,  
And shields that fell from heaven : and through the  
streets

Chaste matrons the high pomp on cushioned cars  
Were leading. Far from hence hereto he adds  
The halls Tartarean, lofty doors of Dis,  
And dooms of sin, and, on the sheer rock poised,  
Thee, Catiline, by Fury-faces scared,  
And in sequestered seats the good—to them  
Cato dispensing justice. Thereamidst  
Rolled wide the semblance of the swelling main  
Golden, but with hoar billows foamed the blue ;  
And dolphins of bright silver, circling round,  
Swept ocean with their tails, and cleft the tide.  
And fleets of brass i' the centre could be seen,  
The battle-lines of Actium ; you might mark  
Leucatê all a-glow with war's array,  
And billows gleaming gold. Here to the strife  
Cæsar Augustus leading forth the host

Of Italy, with fathers and with folk,  
The hearth-gods and the mighty gods of heaven,  
Stands on the lofty stern ; from his bright brows  
Shoot two-fold fires, and his ancestral star  
Dawns overhead. Elsewhere Agrippa towers,  
Leading the line with winds and gods to aid ;  
Bright gleam his temples—proud device of war—  
Beaked with the naval crown. Antonius here  
With host barbaric and with motley arms,  
Triumphant from the peoples of the dawn  
And the Red Sea, brings Ægypt in his train,  
The Orient's strength, and utmost Bactria,  
Followed, O shame ! by his Ægyptian bride.  
Lo ! all rush on together ; the whole deep foams,  
With in-drawn oars and triple beaks up-torn.  
Sea-ward they press ; thou'dst deem the Cyclades  
Up-rooted swam the main, or mountains tall  
Crashed against mountains, with such monstrous  
weight  
The warriors mass them on the tower-crowned poops.  
Hurled from the hand are showers of flaming tow  
And wing'd steel missiles : with new carnage blush  
The fields of Neptune. In their midst the queen  
With native timbrel cheers her ranks, nor sees  
As yet the twin snakes threatening from the rear.  
Barking Anubis and strange-bodied gods  
Of every kindred, against Neptune ranged  
And Venus and Minerva, poise their darts.  
Storms Mavors in the battle's midst, embossed

In iron, with the fell Furies from on high ;  
And, in rent robe rejoicing, Discord stalks,  
Bellona at her heels with blood-stained scourge.  
Actian Apollo saw, and from above  
His bow was bending : at whose terror all  
Ægypt and Ind, with Arabs, every man,  
And all the sons of Saba, turned aback.  
The queen herself to gales that heard her cry  
Seemed spreading canvas, and now, now in act  
To slip the loosened sheet. The lord of fire  
Had fashioned her pale-faced with coming death  
Amid the fray, borne on by wave and wind ;  
And opposite, in all his mighty bulk  
Mourns Nilus, and throws open fold on fold,  
With wide-spread vesture welcoming the rout  
To his blue lap and watery fastnesses.  
But Cæsar, here in triple triumph borne  
Within Rome's ramparts, to Italia's gods  
Was dedicating through the city's breadth  
Three hundred mighty fanes, his deathless vow ;  
With gladness, games, and shouting the streets rang.  
In all the fanes were matron-bands, in all  
Were blazing altars ; at each altar-foot  
Slain bullocks strewed the ground. The hero's self  
On fire-bright Phœbus' snowy threshold throned,  
Tells o'er, and hangs above those haughty gates,  
The gifts of nations. In long pomp wind on  
The vanquished peoples, manifold of speech,  
As in the fashion of their garb and gear.



Here Mulciber the nomad race had formed,  
And ungirt Africans, the Leleges  
And Carës, and Gelonian arrow-men ;  
There went Euphrates now with humbler wave,  
And, utmost of mankind, the Morini,  
The hornèd Rhine, and Dahæ unsubdued,  
And proud Araxes chafing to be bridged.  
Such marvels sees he traced on Vulcan's shield,  
His mother's gift, and glorying in the signs  
Of things he knows not, high on shoulder heaves  
The fame and fortunes of his sons to be.

## BOOK IX

## ÆNEID IX

AND whilst elsewhere afar these things are done,  
Saturnian Juno hath to Turnus bold  
Sent Iris out of heaven. It chanced that then  
Turnus amidst his sire Pilumnus' grove  
Sat in the sacred dell ; to whom as thus  
The child of Thaumas spake with rosy lip :  
'That which no god had dared at thy desire  
To pledge thee, Turnus, lo ! the circling hour  
Hath brought unbidden. Town, fleet, and comrades  
left,

Æneas hies him to Evander's seat  
And sceptre of the Palatine ; nay, more,  
To the utmost towns of Corythus hath pierced,  
And gathers in arm'd bands the rustic folk  
Of Lydia. Palter not ; now, now's the time  
To call for steeds and chariot ; stop for naught,  
But seize and to confusion hurl their camp.'  
She spake, and, on pois'd pinions reared aloft,  
Cut flying a mighty bow beneath the clouds.  
The warrior knew her, and, both hands upraised,

With such-like words her flying form pursued :  
' Iris, pride of the sky, who sped thee thus  
Adown the cloud-way earthward to my side ?  
From whence this sudden brightness of the sky ?  
I see the mid vault sunder, and the stars  
Wandering in heaven. I follow the dread sign,  
Whoe'er thou art, my summoner to arms.'  
So saying, he gat him to the stream, from off  
Its eddying face drew water, to the gods  
Breathed many a prayer, and burdened heaven with  
vows.

And now his war-host through the open plain  
Moved onward in its might ; no lack of steeds,  
No lack of broidered raiment and of gold.  
The vanward ranks Messapus sways, the rear  
The warrior-sons of Tyrrheus ; midmost rides  
Turnus, their captain : as with seven still streams  
Ganges in silence rising high, or Nile,  
When his rich river ebbs from off the plain,  
And now hath sunk within his bed. Anon  
The Teucrians a black cloud of sudden dust  
See gather, and darkness rise upon the plain.  
First from a fronting mound Caius cries :  
' What mass of pitchy gloom, my countrymen,  
Rolls onward ? Speed to arms, bring weapons, mount  
The walls ! The foeman is upon us, ho !'  
With clamorous shouts the Teucrians through all gates  
Plunge in, and fill the ramparts. For e'en thus  
Æneas, warrior peerless, ere he went

Had charged them, if that aught meanwhile should  
hap,

Nor venture to draw out the ranks of war,  
Nor trust the plain, but keep the camp alone,  
And sheltering bulwark of the walls. So now,  
Though shame and anger point them to the field,  
The gates they bar, his bidding do, and armed  
Within their hollow towers await the foe.  
Turnus, whose swift advance his tardier troop  
Had distanced, with a score of chosen horse  
Behind him stands, ere looked for, at the gate ;  
Borne on a Thracian steed of dappled white,  
A gold helm guards him decked with ruddy plume.  
' Friends, is there any will first upon the foe  
With me '—he cries, ' now mark you : ' and a spear  
Whirling he casts, as prelude of the fray,  
And, towering high, careers along the plain.  
His men catch up the challenge clamorously,  
And with terrific war-cries follow : much  
They marvel at the Teucrians' laggard hearts,  
That a fair field they face not, nor abide  
The battle-shock like men, but hug the camp.  
Hither and thither stormily he rides  
Scanning the ramparts, and, where way is none,  
Questing for entrance. As a wolf, that lies  
In wait for some full sheep-fold, at the doors  
Stands howling, buffeted of wind and rain  
At midnight ; safe beneath their mothers' sides  
The lambs bleat loudly ; he, with savage wrath

Insatiate, rages out of reach, spurred on  
By the long-gathering frantic lust of food,  
And droughty jaws unbloodied : even so  
The Rutule's wrath takes fire, as on their walls  
And camp he gazes : in his iron frame  
Burns indignation—by what art essay  
An entrance ? from behind their ramparts how  
Hurl forth the Teucrians, pour them on the plain ?  
The fleet, which close beside the camp lay snug,  
Hedged round with earth-works and the river-wave,  
On this he falls, to his exulting mates  
Cries out for fire, and grasps, himself on flame,  
A blazing pine-torch. Then to work they fall,  
Spurred on by Turnus' presence ; the whole troop  
Gird them with murky brands : the hearths are  
stripped ;

The reeking torch sends up a pitchy glare,  
And Vulcan wafts the sooty lees to heaven.

What god, O Muses, from the Teucrians turned  
So vast a conflagration ? from their decks  
Who dashed the fire ? It is an old-world faith,  
But famed for ever. What time Æneas first,  
On Phrygian Ida fashioning his fleet,  
To the high seas addressed him, in such wise  
The Berecynthian mother of the gods  
Spake to almighty Jove : ' Grant, son, the boon  
Which thy dear mother for Olympus quelled  
Now craves of thee. A pine-forest had I  
Beloved for many a year, a grove that crowned

The hill-top, whither offerings would be brought,  
Dark with black pitch-trees and with maple-boles :  
These, when a fleet he lacked, full fain I gave  
Unto the Dardan youth : now anxious fear  
Disquiets and torments me. Loose my dread,  
And let a parent's prayers prevail, that these  
Nor voyage may break, nor whirlwind overwhelm ;  
So speed them from my mountains to have sprung.'  
To whom her son, who wheels the starry worlds :  
' Whither would'st bid the Fates ? for these thy barks  
What seek'st thou, Mother ? Shall ships of mortal  
build

Win rights immortal, or Æneas roam  
Through changeful perils, unassailed by change ?  
What god may boast such plenitude of power ?  
Nay, but when, service o'er, they one day reach  
Their bourne, Ausonia's haven, such as then  
Have 'scaped the waves, and borne the Dardan chief  
To shores Laurentian, these will I divest  
Of mortal mould, and bid be goddesses  
Of the great deep, as Doto, Nereus' child,  
And Galatea, who breast the foaming sea.'  
He spake, and by his Stygian brother's stream,  
Banks that with pitch and a black whirlpool boil,  
Nodded assent, and with the nod set all  
Olympus quaking.

So the promised day  
Had come, the Fates their destined hours fulfilled,  
When Turnus' outrage the great Mother warned

To drive the fire-brands from her sacred ships.  
Here a strange light first flashed upon their eyes,  
And from the Dawn a vast cloud seemed to speed  
Athwart the sky, with Ida's choirs. Then fell  
An awful utterance through the air, that filled  
Both Trojan ranks and Rutule : ' Trouble not,  
Ye Teucrians, to defend my ships, nor arm  
Your hands with weapons ; Turnus shall have power  
To burn the seas up, ere yon sacred pines.  
And go ye free, go, Ocean-goddesses ;  
The Mother bids you.' And the barks forthwith  
Rend each her cable from the bank, dip beaks,  
And dive like dolphins to the watery depth ;  
Then one and all—stupendous prodigy—  
As maiden-forms emerge, and stem the main.

Astounded were the Rutules ; terror fell  
E'en on Messapus and his plunging steeds ;  
Tiber himself, hoarse-murmuring, stays his flood,  
And from the deep recoils. But not for that  
Quailed the bold heart of Turnus ; nay, with words  
He roused their spirit, and spared not e'en to chide :  
' These portents threat the Trojans ; ay, from them  
Great Jove himself hath reft their wonted aid ;  
They bide not Rutule darts and fires. So then  
The seas are trackless to the Teucrians, flight  
Denied them, and one half the world cut off ;  
As for the mainland, in our grasp it lies ;  
So many thousands—tribes of Italy—  
For battle stand. The bodeful dooms of heaven,



Howe'er the Phrygians vaunt them, fright not me :  
Enough to Fate and Venus hath been given,  
That Troy has touched Ausonia's fertile shore.  
I too have counter-fates, to smite nor spare  
The accursèd stock that balked me of my bride ;  
Not Atreus' sons alone that pang can pierce,  
Nor but Mycenæ's city rise in arms.  
But suffering once suffices ? Yes, had erst  
To sin sufficed them, hating from their hearts  
Well nigh all woman-kind. And these to trust  
Their screening rampart, by a hindering trench  
Emboldened, a poor span 'twixt death and them !  
Why, saw they not Troy-walls, by Neptune's hand  
Up-built, sink in flame ? But which of you,  
My chosen hearts, makes ready to hew down  
The rampart at sword's point, and rush with me  
Upon their fluttered camp ? No need have I  
Of arms from Vulcan, or a thousand keels,  
To face the Teucrians. Let Etruria now  
Band all her sons to aid them. They need fear  
No darkness, no Palladium's coward theft,  
Or sentries slaughtered on the fortress-height.  
Nor will we shroud us in a horse's womb  
Out of men's eyes. In the broad light of day  
We are purpos'd to ring round their walls with fire.  
I'll make them nowise deem they have to do  
With Danaan and Pelasgic chivalry,  
Whom Hector till the tenth year baffled. Now,  
Day's better part o'erpast, for what remains,

Refresh you, warriors, heartened by success,  
And deem, so doing, ye fit you for the fray.'  
Meanwhile Messapus to blockade the gates  
Hath charge with sentry-pickets, and surround  
The works with watch-fires. Twice seven Rutule chiefs  
Are chosen with soldiery to keep the walls ;  
Each has a hundred warriors in his train,  
Gay with red helmet-plumes and glittering gold.  
They speed apart, and shift the alternate watch,  
Or, stretched on greensward, let the wine have way,  
And tilt the brazen bowls. The fires burn bright ;  
The guard with games the sleepless night prolong.

This spy the Trojans from the rampart's height,  
As armed they man the summit ; in trembling haste  
They try the gates, yoke bridge and tower, bring darts.  
Mnestheus and keen Serestus goad them on,  
Whom sire Æneas, should mischance demand,  
Set to control the host and guide the war.  
Parting the peril, the whole band by turn,  
Each at his post, keep watch along the walls.

Nisus, keen warrior, held the gate, the son  
Of Hyrtacus, whom in Æneas' train  
Ida the huntress sent ; quick-handed he  
With spear, and light his arrows ; beside him  
Was Eúryalus, than whom no comelier youth  
Clave to Æneas, or donned Trojan arms—  
Whose smooth boy-face showed faint the budding man.  
These had one heart between them : side by side  
They wont to rush on battle ; and now too

Each with like charge was posted at the gate.  
Quoth Nisus : ' Is't the gods thus fire our hearts,  
Or maketh each his wild desire a god,  
O Eúryalus ? My heart's long since afret  
On war to launch me, or some great essay,  
With stagnant ease ill-satisfied. Thou seest  
What confidence in fortune holds the foe :  
Few gleam their lights and far ; themselves lie prone,  
In sleep and wine dissolved ; all's hushed around.  
Mark further what I muse of, in my mind  
What purpose rises. 'Tis the cry of all,  
Both folk and fathers, that we summon back  
Æneas, send messengers with tidings sure.  
If what I ask they promise thee—myself  
The deed's own fame suffices—'neath yon mound  
Methinks my feet would guide me to the walls  
And fort of Pallanteum.' Eúryalus,  
Thrilled and transfixed with mighty love of praise,  
Thus at the word his glowing friend bespeaks :  
' Nisus, dost shun to knit me to thy side  
In high exploit ? Or should I let thee go  
To face such perils singly ? 'Twas not thus  
My sire Opheltes, to war's work inured,  
'Mid Argive terrors and the woes of Troy  
Trained me and reared ; nor at thy side have I  
So borne me, since I followed to the field  
High-souled Æneas and his utmost fate.  
Here, here's a soul that scorns the sunlight, deems  
That fame thou striv'st for cheaply bought with life.

Then Nisus : ' No such fear of thee had I,  
Nor just it were ; nay, so may mighty Jove,  
Or whoso on these things bends favouring eye,  
Restore me to thy side in triumph. But if—  
As oft in such adventure thou behold'st—  
Some chance or god should hurry me to harm,  
I would that thou survive me. At thine age  
It is more meet to live. O, be there one  
To lay me, snatched or ransomed from the fray,  
In earth, or, if some wonted hap forbid,  
Pay funeral offerings to my absent dust,  
And grace me with a tomb ! Nor let me bring  
Such grief on that sad mother, who, alone  
Of many mothers, dared follow thee, her boy,  
And hath no heart for great Acestes' town.'  
But he : ' Thou weavest empty pleas in vain,  
Nor doth my purpose alter or give way.  
Speed we betimes ! ' He spake, and roused the watch,  
Who to their charge succeed, then quits his post,  
And, step by step with Nisus, seeks the prince.

All creatures else on earth were easing care  
With slumber, and their hearts forgot to ache.  
The foremost Teucrian lords, their flower of war,  
Were kingdom's weal debating—what to do,  
Who to Æneas should the tidings bear.  
Leaning on their long spears, and shield on arm,  
Midmost the camp in a clear space they stood.  
Then Nisus and beside him Eúryalus  
In eager haste crave entrance : what they urged

Was weighty, and would recompense delay.  
Iulus first to their impatient suit  
Gave audience, and bade Nisus speak ; then thus  
The son of Hyrtacus : ‘ O sons of Troy,  
Hearken with kindly heed, nor let the worth  
Of what we offer by our years be weighed.  
Dissolved in wine and sleep, the Rutuli  
Keep silence : our own eyes have marked a spot  
For stratagem left open, where yon gate  
Lets in or out upon the seaward side.  
Their line of fires is broken, and black smoke  
Goes up to heaven. Let us but use the chance  
To seek Æneas and Pallanteum’s fort,  
Soon will ye see us here at hand with spoils,  
After great slaughter done. Nor will the way  
We go beguile us : down the valleys dim,  
Assiduous in the chase, we have seen gleam  
The city, and all the river-windings know.’  
Aletes hereupon, with years o’erweighed  
And ripe of wisdom, spake : ‘ Gods of our sires,  
Whose power divine still watches over Troy,  
Howbeit, ye think not a full end to make  
Of all the Teucrians, in that ye vouchsafe  
Our youth such valour and heart-steadfastness.’  
So saying, the shoulders and right hands of both  
Embraced he, and bathed all his face with tears.  
‘ What guerdon, heroes, of your glorious deeds  
Can I deem worthy to be paid you ? First  
Heaven and your own hearts will the best bestow ;

Then good Æneas, what else remains, anon  
Will yield you, and Ascanius, whose fresh youth  
Service so noble never can forget.'  
'Nay I,' breaks in Ascanius, 'whose sole hope  
Of safety hangs upon my sire's return,  
By the great hearth-gods, Nisus, thee adjure,  
The guardian spirit of Assaracus,  
And hoary Vesta's shrine; whate'er I have  
Of faith or fortune in your laps I lay:  
Bring back my sire, restore him to my sight:  
He here again, grief is not. Goblets twain  
I'll give you, silver-wrought, with tracery rough,  
Ta'en by my sire, what time he smote and quelled  
Arisba, and twin tripods, and of gold  
Two mighty talents, and a bowl of yore,  
Sidonian Dido's gift. But if our lot  
Be to take Italy, to win and wield  
A conqueror's sceptre, and mete out the spoil—  
Thou sawest the war-steed whereon Turnus rode  
In arms, all golden—none but that, with shield  
And ruddy plume, O Nisus, will I pluck  
Forth from the lot, thine even from this day.  
Matrons twice six beside of choicest form  
My sire will give thee, and men-captives eke,  
All with their armour, and of land, to boot,  
What King Latinus hath for his domain.  
But thee, thrice honoured youth, whose age my own  
Doth in the race press closer, from this hour  
To my whole heart I take, betide what may,

And clasp thee for my comrade. Without thee,  
For mine own lot no glory shall be wooed ;  
Come peace or war, to thee, both deed and word,  
Be all my heart unbosomed.' Answer then  
Made Eúryalus : ' From such bold venture me  
No time shall prove degenerate, let but Fate  
Be kind, not cruel. But all gifts beyond,  
One boon I beg : I have a mother sprung  
From Priam's ancient race, whom Ilian land  
Held not, poor soul, nor king Acestes' town  
From faring forth with me. Her now I leave  
Unwitting of this peril, whatsoe'er,  
Ay, and ungreeted—Night and thy right hand  
My witness be—for that I may not brook  
A parent's weeping. But do thou, I pray,  
Comfort her need and aid her loneliness.  
Let me bear hence this hope of thee : hereby  
Into all dangers I shall boldlier go.'  
Touched to the heart, the Dardans wept, and fair  
Iulus before all, whose soul was wrung  
With likeness of the love he bore his sire.  
Then thus he speaks : ' Assure thee of all done  
That thy great exploit merits : for she shall be  
As my own mother, lacking but the name  
Crëusa ; nor slight honour waits the womb  
That bore so nobly. Let what fortune may  
Be the deed's sequel, by this head I vow,  
As oft my sire was wont, whate'er to thee  
I promise, prosperously returned, the same



Shall for thy mother and thy kin abide.'  
Weeping he spake, and from his shoulder doffs  
A gilded sword, which erst Lycaon of Crete  
Wrought with rare skill, and fitted for the hand  
With ivory sheath. A shaggy lion's hide  
Mnestheus to Nisus gives ; Aletes true  
Makes interchange of helmets. Thus arrayed  
Onward they move, whom all the band of chiefs,  
Both young and old, escorting to the gates,  
Follow with vows. And fair Iulus too,  
Armed with man's thought and spirit beyond his years,  
Full many a message to his sire bade bear.  
But one and all the rude winds rend amain,  
And to the clouds consign them unfulfilled.

Thence issuing forth, they cross the trench, and  
seek

Through shades of night the foeman's camp—yet first  
To be the death of many. In drunken sleep  
Stretched on the greensward scattered forms they see,  
Cars tilted on the beach, 'twixt wheels and reins  
Their masters, and with these one litter of arms  
And wine. First spake the son of Hyrtacus :  
'Now for a bold stroke, Eúryalus ! lo ! now  
The deed itself invites ; here lies our way.  
Watch thou, and keep wide outlook, lest some hand  
Should from behind assail us : here will I  
Deal havoc, and by a broad lane lead thee on.  
He spake, then checks his utterance, and lets drive  
At haughty Rhamnes, who, it chanced, high-propped

On heapèd carpets, the full-chested breath  
Of sleep was heaving—king himself, and seer,  
Best-loved of kingly Turnus ; but no whit  
His seer-craft might avail to ward off doom.  
Three of his folk hard by, at random laid  
Among their weapons, he takes unaware,  
And the armour-bearer, ay and charioteer,  
Of Remus, close beside his horses caught,  
And with the sword shears through their lolling  
necks ;

Then from their lord himself he lops the head,  
And leaves the red trunk gurgling ; with black gore  
Reek couch and greensward. Lamyrus withal,  
Lamus, and young Serranus, who that night  
Had played full long, and in his beauty's pride  
Lay there limb-vanquished by the o'erpotent god ;  
Ah ! happier had he played a night-long bout,  
And on till dawn pursued it ! Even as when  
An unfed lion, ravaging amid  
Full sheep-folds—for mad famine goads him on—  
Mangles and rends the mild flock mute with fear,  
And roars with blood-stained mouth. Nor less mean-  
while

The slaughter-heap of Eúryalus ; he too  
Rages like fire, and, as they blocked his path,  
Falls on a vast and nameless crowd, and slays  
Fadus, Herbesus, Rhœtus, Abaris,  
Or ere they knew it. Rhœtus awake saw all,  
But crouched in fear behind a mighty bowl ;

Full in whose breast, as up he rose, the youth  
At arm's length, to the hilt, his sword-blade plunged,  
And steeped in death withdrew it. He pours forth  
The red life, dying, and blood-mingled wine ;  
The other on his dark errand hotly hies.  
Now was he making for Messapus' train,  
Where the last gleams of dying fire, and steeds  
Tethered arow, and grazing, he beheld,  
When Nisus briefly—for he saw him borne  
Beyond all bounds with lust of carnage—cried :  
' Forbear we now ; the unfriendly dawn draws nigh  
We have drunk full deep of vengeance, through the foe  
Hewed out a passage.' Many a trophy fair—  
Men's arms of solid silver wrought, and bowls,  
And sumptuous coverlets, they leave behind.  
Eúryalus the trappings tears away  
And gold-boss'd belt of Rhamnes, which of yore  
Right wealthy Cædicus sent as a gift  
To Remulus of Tibur, when from far  
For friend he sought him : to his grandson's hand  
Dying he left them, by the Rutule host  
After his death in war and battle won.  
These he tears off, and on his shoulders brave  
Binds, but in vain, then dons Messapus' helm  
Well-fitted, plume-adorned. So forth from camp  
They pass, and make for safety.

But meanwhile  
Horsemen, sent forward from the Latin town,  
While halts the main host on the plain arrayed,

Came bringing answers for King Turnus' ear,  
Three hundred, shield-men all, by Volscens led.  
E'en now they approach the camp, and near the wall,  
When at some distance they descry the twain  
Rounding the path to leftward ; and the helm  
In glimmering darkness betrayed Eúryalus  
Unheedful, and flashed back the opposing ray :  
Nor seen for naught. Cries Volscens from his troop :  
' Stand, warriors ; wherefore thus afoot ? and say  
Who are ye that go armed, and whither fare ? '  
Naught urge they in reply, but speed amain  
Into the woods, and trust them to the night.  
The horsemen interpose, bar right and left  
The well-known crossways, and with sentinels  
Fringe every outlet. The wood bristled wide  
With brambles and dark ilex, every way  
Choked with impenetrable thorns ; the path  
Through the dim forest-tracks gleamed brokenly.  
Eúryalus by darkness of the boughs  
Perplexed, and spoil-encumbered, is by fear  
Fooled of his bearings. Nisus wins clear off.  
And now, all heedless, he had passed the foe,  
And region, afterward from Alba's name  
Hight Alban—then the lofty cattle-stalls  
Of King Latinus—when he stopped, looked back  
For his lost friend, in vain. ' O Eúryalus,  
Unhappy one ! where have I left thee ? how  
Follow, and unthrid all the tangled path

Of treacherous woodland ?' Therewith, questing  
back,

His footsteps he retraces, roaming on  
Through the hush'd brakes. He hears the horses'  
tread,

Hears the loud din and signals of pursuit.

Nor long time tarrying, to his ear is borne

A shout, and Eúryalus he sees, whom trapped

By the false ground and darkness, and confused

By sudden onslaught, the whole band e'en now

Hale onward, struggling valiantly, in vain.

What can he do ? Say, with what force, what arms

A rescue dare ? Or should he rush on doom

Amid the sword-blades, and precipitate

Through wounds a glorious death ? Quick drawing  
back

His arm, and brandishing a spear, he looks

Up to the moon in heaven, and prays aloud :

'Thou, goddess, thou, Latona's child, be near

To aid my effort, glory of the stars

And guardian of the groves ; if Hyrtacus

My sire hath ever to thine altars brought

Gifts for my sake, if any I myself

Have added from the chase, and in thy dome

Hung them, or fastened to thy sacred roof,

Let me confound this banded mass, and guide

My darts through air.' He spake, and hurls the steel

With his whole body's strength. The flying spear

Sunders the shades of night, meets the turned back

Of Sulmo, and there snaps, the splintered shaft  
Riving his heart : he, spouting from his breast  
The hot life-stream, rolls over, chilled in death,  
And long gasps heave his palpitating sides.  
All eyes look every way. He thereupon  
The keenlier poises, see ! a second dart  
Aimed from the ear-tip. While they hesitate,  
Through Tagus' either temple sped the spear  
Hissing, and clave warm in the piercèd brain.  
Volskens storms fiercely, but can nowhere spy  
The wielder of the weapon, nor whereon  
To launch his fury. 'Thou at least,' he cried,  
'Shalt with thy life-blood pay the debt of both,'  
And so drew sword, and full on Eúryalus  
Was rushing. Then indeed, with terror mad,  
Nisus shrieks wildly, nor can shroud himself  
Longer in darkness, or such anguish bear :  
'Here, here am I, the doer, on me, on me  
Turn all your steel, O Rutules ! Mine the fault,  
Mine only : he nor dared, nor could have done it ;  
This heaven, these stars, be witness, that know all !  
He only loved his hapless friend too well.'  
So spake he ; but the sword, with strength driv'n  
home,  
Has pierced the ribs, and rends the snowy breast.  
In death rolls Eúryalus ; the blood runs o'er  
His beauteous limbs, and on his shoulder sinks  
The faint neck : as a bright flower, by the plough  
Shorn through, droops dying, or poppies weary-necked,

By a chance shower o'er-weighted, bow the head.  
But Nisus leaps amidst them, seeks through all  
Volscens alone, for none but Volscens stays.  
The foe, massed round him close on either side,  
Beat him aback. He presses on nathless,  
And whirls his lightning blade, till, plunging it  
Full in the shouting Rutule's face, he reft,  
Dying, the foeman's life, then, pierced with wounds,  
Flung him upon his lifeless friend, and there  
At last lay pillowed calm in death's repose.

Ah ! happy pair ! if aught my verse avail,  
No lapse of hours from time's recording page  
Shall e'er erase you, while Æneas' house  
Dwells on the Capitol's unshaken rock,  
And the great Roman sire holds sovereignty.

The conquering Rutules, masters of the spoil  
And plunder, now with tears the breathless corse  
Of Volscens bear to camp ; nor in the camp  
Less wild their grief for Rhamnes lifeless found,  
And all those chiefs in one fell carnage slain  
With Numa and Serranus. A great throng  
Makes for the dead and dying, where all reeked fresh  
With slaughter, and the full streams foamed with blood.  
One with another, they recognize the spoil,  
Messapus' gleaming helm and trophies fair,  
That cost such sweat of battle to win back.

Now, rising from Tithonus' saffron bed,  
Young Dawn was sprinkling with new beams the  
world ;



In floods the sunlight, and lays all things bare,  
When Turnus, girt in his own warlike arms,  
Summons to arms his men, and every chief  
Musters for battle his brass-mailed array,  
And with a thousand rumours whets their wrath.  
Ay, and on up-raised spear-points, piteous sight !  
They fix, and follow with loud shouts, the heads  
Of Eúryalus and Nisus. But Troy's sons  
Unflinching on the ramparts' leftward side  
Have set their line of battle—for the right  
Is girded by the river—and there guard  
The yawning trench, and on the lofty towers  
Stand sorrowing, moved to see on spear-heads borne  
Those warrior-faces, known, alas ! too well,  
And dripping with dark gore.

Wing'd Fame the while  
Speeds with the tidings through the affrighted town,  
And to the mother now of Eúryalus  
Comes floating in at ear. Then, hapless one !  
Warmth left her frame of a sudden ; from both hands  
Dashed was the shuttle, and all her task unwound.  
Forth flies the ill-fated dame with woman's shrieks,  
Rent locks, and madly for the ramparts makes  
And foremost fighters, heedless she of men,  
Heedless of danger and of darts, then fills  
The heaven with lamentations : ' Is it thus,  
O Eúryalus, I see thee ? and could'st thou,  
Late refuge of mine age, so leave me lone ?  
Ah ! cruel ; and on such perilous errand sent,

Might thy poor mother bid thee no farewell ?  
Alas ! in a strange land thou liest, a prey  
To Latin dogs and vultures ! Nor have I,  
Thy mother, led thy funeral-pomp, or closed  
Thine eyes, or washed thy wounds, or with the robe  
Thee covered, which I toiled at, night and day,  
Easing an old wife's sorrow with the loom.  
Say, whither can I follow, or what land now  
Holds thy dismembered frame and mangled corse ?  
Son, bring'st me back no more of thee than this ?  
Is't this I followed over land and main ?  
If ye have men's hearts, pierce me, upon me  
Heave all your shafts, O Rutules ; with the sword  
Me first devour : or thou, great Sire of gods,  
Have pity, and with thy bolt to Tartarus' depth  
Hurl this detested head, since sunder else  
Life's cruel yoke I may not.' With her sobs  
All hearts were torn ; a moan of anguish passed  
From rank to rank, their valour numb'd and crush'd  
For battle. As thus she fed the flame of woe,  
Idæus and Actor, bidden of Ilioneus  
And tear-dissolved Iulus, in their arms  
Caught her, and bore within.

But hark ! the trump

Its terrible note of clanging brass afar  
Has uttered ; a shout follows, and the sky  
Reverberates. The Volscians side by side  
Urge the shield-tortoise onward, fain to fill  
The trench, and rend the rampart. Other some

Quest for an entrance, and with scaling-gear  
To mount the wall, there where the line was scant,  
And the gapped circle, sparselier manned, showed thin.  
The Teucrian host with motley missile-showers  
Meet who assail them, and stout push of pole,  
Taught by long warfare to defend their walls.  
Stones too of deadly weight they roll, in hope  
The roofed ranks to shatter, though fain are these  
All shocks to bear 'neath that impervious shell.  
Yet fail they now : for where yon mighty swarm  
Threatens, up-roll the Teucrians and heave o'er  
A monstrous mass, which of the Rutules wrought  
Wide havoc, and brake their coverlet of mail.  
No longer the bold Rutules care to wage  
A blindfold war, but from the rampart strive  
With darts to thrust them.    Otherwhere, grim sight,  
Mezentius, brandishing a Tuscan pine,  
Hurls smoky fire-brands ; while Messapus, see !  
Tamer of horses, Neptune's child, tears down  
The rampart, and cries ' Ladders to the wall ! '

O Calliopë, inspire me, thou and thine,  
To sing what havoc, what deaths upon that day  
Dealt Turnus with the sword, what warrior's life  
Sped each to Orcus ; and unroll with me  
The mighty margins of the scroll of war.

There was a tower that strained the upward gaze,  
With gangways high, on site of vantage set,  
Which all of Italy strove amain to storm,  
And toiled their utmost to o'er-topple : this

The Trojans were defending, armed with stones,  
And through the loop-holes hurled their darts in  
showers.

Turnus first flung a blazing torch, and drave  
Into its flank the fire, which, swol'n with wind,  
Caught board and beam, and clung there and devoured.  
Wild panic reigns within, and vain essay  
To shun disaster. While they huddle close,  
Back-settling to the side which lacks the bane,  
Suddenly, over-weighed, down fell the tower,  
And all the welkin thundered with the crash.  
Half-dead to earth they come, the monster-mass  
Behind them, pierced alike by their own darts,  
And with hard splinters through the breast impaled.  
Scarce one alone, Helenor, and with him  
Lycus, escaped ; Helenor in youth's prime,  
Whom slave Licymnia erst had secretly  
Berne to Mæonia's king, and sent to Troy  
In arms forbidden, with bare sword light-arrayed  
And blank shield nameless. Soon as he beheld  
About him Turnus' thousands, with the ranks  
Of Latium standing on this side and that,  
As a wild beast that, by the huntsmen's ring  
Hemmed closely, storms against the darts, and leaps,  
Eyes open, upon death, and with a bound  
Springs on the spear-points, even so the youth  
Midmost the foemen rushed on doom, and, where  
He saw the darts throng thickest, aimed his way.  
But Lycus, with his feet far doughtier, thrids

Through foes and darts his flight, and gains the wall,  
Fain to clutch coping and reach comrades' hands.  
Whom Turnus, following both with foot and spear,  
Thus taunts in triumph: 'Fool, thought'st thou to  
escape

My grasp?' so seized him as he clung, and tore  
Down with a mighty fragment of the wall:  
As when, with hare or snowy-bodied swan  
Gripped in his hookèd talons, soars aloft  
Jove's armour-bearer, or as wolf of Mars  
Snatches a lamb from fold, with bleat on bleat  
Sought by its mother. From every side up-goes  
The war-shout; on they press, and from the mound  
Fill in the trenches. Others at the roofs  
Fling blazing brands. With a huge mass of rock,  
Torn from a mountain, Ilioneus strikes down  
Lucetius, as with fire in hand he drew  
Anigh the gate; Liger Emathion,  
Asilas Corynæus, with javelin that,  
This skilled with sly-winged arrow from afar.  
Cæneus Ortygius, Turnus Cæneus, quells,  
Fresh from his victory; Turnus Itys too  
And Clonius, Dioxippus, Promolus,  
And Sagaris, and Idas, as he stood  
In forefront of the bulwarks; Capys slays  
Privernus. Him Themilla's glancing spear  
At first had grazed, who, madly dropping shield,  
Laid hand on hurt: on flew the wingèd shaft,  
Pinned to left side his palm probed deep, and tore

With murderous breach the passages of breath.  
The son of Arcens stood in splendid arms  
With needle-broidered scarf superbly dight  
Of dark Iberian dye, for beauty famed,  
Whom his sire Arcens to the field had sent,  
Reared in his mother's grove anigh the streams  
Symæthian, where Palicus' altar stands,  
Gift-dowered and gracious : flinging spears aside,  
Mezentius with strained thong, the whizzing sling  
Thrice whirled about his head, with molten ball  
Cleft the mid-forehead of the opposing foe,  
And stretched him all his length upon the sand.

Then first, 'tis said, Ascanius his swift shaft  
Levelled in war, till now but wont to fright  
The flying quarry, and with his hand laid low  
The brave Numanus, surnamed Remulus,  
To Turnus' younger sister late-allied  
In wedlock. He before the vanward ranks  
Strode, shouting words meet and unmeet to tell,  
And swol'n at heart with his new royalty,  
Stalked vainly, clamouring loud : ' Ah ! blush ye not,  
Twice captured Phrygians, yet again to be  
Cooped within rampart by the leaguer's ring,  
And thus to wall off death ? Lo ! these the men  
Who claim our wives at the sword's point ! What  
god,  
What madness, say, drove you to Italy ?  
Not here the Atridæ, nor Ulysses here  
Tongue-trickster. Hardy and of a hardy stock,

Down to the river our very babes we bring,  
And brace them with the water's cruel cold.  
Our boys hunt tireless, and wear out the woods,  
Their sport to rein the steed, stretch shaft on bow.  
Patient of toil, to need inured, our youth  
Tame earth with mattocks, or shake towns with war.  
No age of life but with hard steel is worn ;  
With spear reversed our bullocks' flanks we goad ;  
Nor sluggish eld doth our hearts' strength impair,  
Or warp our vigour : on white locks we press  
The helmet-rim, and evermore delight  
To mass new plunder and by rapine live.  
Yours are embroidered robes of saffron tint,  
Or gleaming purple ; sloth is your delight ;  
Ye love to revel in the dance, and wear  
Sleeved tunics and stringed turbans. Phrygians ye,  
Women, indeed, not men ; go, range the heights  
Of Dindymus, where to practised touch the pipe  
Utters its twofold note. The timbrels, hark !  
The Idæan mother's Berecyntian flute  
Calls you : leave arms to men, and quit the sword.'

Such wordy boasting and loud-threatening taunts  
Ascanius brooked not : on the horse-hair string  
He stretched a shaft, confronting him, and drew  
His arms apart, and stood, first praying to Jove  
With suppliant vows : ' Almighty Jupiter,  
Smile on my bold essay. I to thy shrine  
Will yearly offerings bring, and set a steer  
Brow-gilded at thine altar, dazzling white,



His head borne level with his dam's, now meet  
To butt with horn and spurn with hoof the soil.'  
The Father heard, and from a clear sky-space  
Thundered upon the left ; at once the bow  
Twanged with its deadly freight. The shaft drawn  
home

Flew whistling grim, and borne through Remulus'  
head

Cleft with steel barb the hollows of his brow.  
'Go then, with haughty words at valour mock !  
The twice-ta'en Phrygians to the Rutules send  
This answer back.' Thus far Ascanius spake ;  
The Teucrians cheer responsive, shout for joy,  
And mount in soul to heaven. It chanced that then  
Long-haired Apollo from a tract of sky  
Was glancing downward on the Ausonian host,  
Cloud-throned, and on the city, and thus addressed  
Iulus, as he triumphed : ' Good luck have thou  
Of thy new valour, boy ! So men mount heaven,  
O god-descended, sire of gods to be.  
Rightly shall all wars, doomed to rise, sink down  
Beneath the offspring of Assaracus.  
Troy cannot hold thee.' With that word he shoots  
From heaven on high, disparts the breathing gales,  
And seeks Ascanius. Then his form he shifts  
To that of agèd Butès, who erewhile  
Was armour-bearer to the Dardan chief  
Anchises, and true warder of the gate ;  
Thereafter charged by the lad's sire to guard

Ascanius. Like to the old man in all,  
On strode Apollo, both in voice and hue,  
And snow-white locks, and fiercely-clashing arms,  
Then thus to fiery-souled Iulus spake :  
'Child of Æneas, enough that by thy shafts  
Numanus unavenged hath bit the dust ;  
This thy first praise doth great Apollo grant,  
Nor grudges arms that emulate his own.  
Cease, boy, from further warfare.' Thus began,  
But in mid utterance left the eyes of men,  
Apollo, and into empty air afar  
Vanished from sight. The Dardan princes knew  
The god, and his divine artillery,  
And heard the quiver rattling as he flew.  
Ascanius, eager for the fray, they check  
With Phœbus' word of power ; themselves once more  
Fill up the battle-ranks, and cast their lives  
Into the evident peril. A shout runs  
From tower to tower, the whole wall's length ; they  
stretch  
Their eager bows, and whirl the javelin-thong.  
Earth is all strewn with missiles ; shield and helm  
Ring hollow to their blows ; fierce swells the fight ;  
Thick as a shower that, rising from the west,  
Beneath the watery kid-stars whips the ground,  
Or heavy as hail that headlong pelts the sea,  
When, rough with southern blasts, the sky-god whirls  
His watery storm, and bursts the clouds in heaven.

Pandarus and Bitias, from Alcanor sprung  
Of Ida, whom Iæra, forest-nymph,  
Reared in the grove of Jupiter, now men  
Tall as their native pines or mountain peaks,  
Throw wide a portal to their charge consigned  
By the chief's word, and, on their arms relying,  
Bid enter free the foemen through the walls.  
Themselves within, to right hand and to left,  
Take stand before the bulwarks, armed in iron,  
While the plumes flutter on their towering heads.  
E'en as on either side some river's flow,  
On Padus' banks, or by sweet Athesis,  
Twin oak-trees soar aloft, and rear to heaven  
Their unshorn heads, with nodding crest sublime.  
In burst the Rutules, when the approach they see  
Wide open. Quercens and Aquicolus,  
In glorious arms, and Tmarus, rash of heart,  
And Hæmon, son of Mavors, there and then,  
With all their squadrons routed, turned aback,  
Or on the very threshold laid life down.  
Then wrath waxed fiercer in their battling souls ;  
And now the Trojans to the selfsame spot  
Gather in swarms, to close encounter come,  
Nor fear to launch into the open.

Word

Is to Prince Turnus brought, as far aloof  
He stormed and wrought confusion, that the foe  
Seethe with fresh slaughter, and throw wide their gates.  
His hand he stays, and, wildly raging, speeds

Toward those proud brethren at the Dardan gate.  
And first Antiphates, as offering first,  
Born of a Theban mother, and bastard son  
To great Sarpedon, his launch'd javelin smites.  
Flies through the buxom air the Italian shaft  
Of cornel-wood, and, in the gullet lodged,  
Ran deep into his breast ; the black wound's chasm  
Gives forth a foaming tide, and in his lung  
The fixèd steel grows warm. Then Erymas  
And Merops he lays low with might of hand ;  
Aphidnus then, then Bitias, fiery-eyed  
And furious-hearted—not with javelin stroke,  
For to no javelin had he yielded breath ;  
But, hissing loud, a whirled Phalaric spear  
Sped like a thunderbolt ; nor bull-hides twain,  
Nor trusty corslet's double links of gold  
Could stay it : the limbs gigantic fall in a heap,  
Earth groans, and his huge shield clangs over him.  
So on Eubœan Baiæ's shore at times  
Tumbles a stony mass, which, welded first  
In mighty blocks, men cast into the sea ;  
So headlong it trails havoc, and, far down,  
Dashed on the shallows, finds its sunken bed.  
The billows boil, dark sand comes silting up ;  
Then Prochyta's foundations at the sound  
Quake, and Inarimè's rough bed of pain,  
Piled o'er Typhœus by Jove's sovereign word.

Now Mars, the lord of battle, lent new strength  
And valour to the Latins, deep at heart

Turning his eager goads ; and Flight withal  
Among the Teucrians and dark Fear he sent.  
From every side, now scope for fight is given,  
They swarm ; the war-god leaps into their soul.  
When Pandarus sees his brother's outstretched corse,  
How fortune sits, and what chance wields the day,  
By a mighty effort on its turning hinge  
He swings the gate back with stout shoulder-push,  
Leaves many a friend amid the cruel fray  
Shut out from camp, but others, in hot haste  
Retreating, with himself shuts safely in.  
Madman ! to see not midmost of the rout  
Burst in the Rutule monarch—yea, wantonly  
Within their walls to in pound him, as it were  
Some monstrous tiger among helpless herds.  
At once strange light flashed from the hero's eyes ;  
His arms rang terribly ; his helmet-crest  
Quivered blood-red, and from his shield he darts  
Quick gleams of lightning. Suddenly dismayed,  
The sons of Troy know well that hated form  
And limbs gigantic. Then huge Pandarus  
Springs from their midst, and for his brother's death  
Red-hot with wrath bespeaks him : ' This is not  
Amata's bridal palace, nor Ardea now  
Holds Turnus fast within his native walls ;  
'Tis the foe's camp thou seest, all exit barred.'  
To him spake Turnus, smiling, calm at heart :  
' Begin, if thou hast manhood, and fall on.  
Word shalt thou bear to Priam that here too

Thou found'st Achilles.' He had said ; the foe,  
With main strength heaving, hurled a ruggèd spear,  
Knotty with untrimmed bark ; the breezes took it ;  
Saturnian Juno from its course made swerve  
The coming wound ; the spear sticks in the gate.  
' Not so this weapon, my right hand wields amain,  
Shalt thou escape ; for no such falterer here  
Aims wound or weapon.' So saying, he rises high  
To his uplifted sword, and with the blade  
Full betwixt either temple, a grisly stroke,  
Cleft him through forehead and through beardless  
cheeks.

A loud crash followed ; earth reels with the vast  
weight ;  
Rolled in a heap, with his brain-spattered arms,  
The limbs fell dying ; in equal halves the head  
This way and that from either shoulder hung.  
Wild panic seized the Trojans, and they fled :  
And had the victor now ta'en instant thought  
To burst the gate-bolts and let in his friends,  
That day the war had ended, and the race.  
But rage impelled him, and mad lust of blood,  
Like fire upon the foe. First Phaleris  
He overtakes, and Gyges, 'neath the knee  
Slitting his sinews. Plucking forth the spears  
From these, he hurls them on the fliers' backs ;  
Juno lends strength and courage. Next he sends  
Halys to join them, and, through shield transfixed,  
Phegeus ; then, all unwitting, on the wall

Still kindling war, Alcander, Halius,  
Noëmon, Prytanis. As Lynceus strides  
Forward, calls up his comrades, with one strong  
Bright sword-sweep from the rampart on the right  
He takes him ; severed by a single stroke  
At arm's length, head and helm lay rolled afar.  
Then Amycus, of woodland beasts the scourge,  
Than whom none happier-handed to anoint  
Darts, and envenom steel, and Æolus' son,  
Clytius, and Cretheus, to the Muses dear—  
Cretheus, the Muses' mate, who ever loved  
Song and the lyre, and to stretch note on string,  
And steeds, and arms, and battles ever sang.

At length the Teucrian leaders hear the tale  
Of their friends' slaughter, and together meet,  
Mnestheus and keen Serestus ; they discern  
Friends flying wide, the foe within their gates.  
Then Mnestheus : ' Whither next, whither,' he cries,  
' Urge ye your flight ? what other walls remain,  
What ramparts beyond these ? Shall it be told  
That one man, O my countrymen, and he  
Hemmed by your circling lines, wrought unavenged  
Such carnage through the camp, to Orcus hurled  
So many of our bravest ? Coward souls,  
Your wretched country and her ancient gods,  
And great Æneas—do these no pity stir,  
No shame ?' By such words kindled, they take heart  
And halt in dense array. Then foot by foot  
'Gan Turnus from the conflict to withdraw,



Make for the river, and wave-encircled side.  
At this the Teucrians with a mighty shout  
Press keenlier on, and form one solid mass :  
As, when a crowd with threatening spears beset  
Some savage lion, he, terrified, yet fierce  
And angry-eyed, recoils ; valour and wrath  
Forbid him turn aback, nor yet, though fain,  
Through darts and huntsmen can he force his way ;  
So now doth Turnus doubtfully withdraw  
No hurrying steps ; wrath surges in his soul.  
Ay, and e'en then upon the foemen's midst  
Twice had he rushed, twice turned their ranks to rout  
Along the wall ; but the whole host from camp  
In hot haste rally and unite, nor durst  
Saturnian Juno lend him strength enow  
To match them ; for now, Jupiter from heaven  
Sent air-borne Iris with no mild behests  
Charged for his sister, except Turnus quit  
The Teucrians' lofty ramparts. So nor shield  
Nor good right hand avails him to stand firm,  
On every side with pelting darts o'erpowered.  
Clatters the helm about his hollow brow  
With ceaseless ringing ; the solid plates of brass  
By stones are split, the crest dashed from his head ;  
Such strokes the boss may bear not ; spear on spear  
Trojans, and Mnestheus' self with lightning-hand,  
Launch thick upon him. Then o'er all his frame  
The sweat flows, pouring—and no space to breathe—  
Its grimy torrent ; a sick panting shakes

The o'er-wearied limbs. At length, with headlong  
bound;

Armed at all points he plunged into the flood.

Its tawny eddies took him, as he came,

Up-bore with buoyant waters, cleansed of blood,

And sent him back rejoicing to his friends.

## BOOK X

*ÆNEID X*

NOW is thrown wide the almighty house of heaven,  
And lo ! the Sire of gods and king of men  
Summons a council to his starry court,  
Whence from on high he doth all lands of earth,  
The Dardan camp, and Latium's folk behold.  
Within the double-gated hall they sit :  
Himself breaks silence : ‘ Mighty sons of heaven,  
Why is your purpose turned aback ? or why  
So strive with rancorous hearts ? That Italy  
With Troy should clash in onset I forbade ;  
What is this feud, defiant of my ban ?  
What terror hath seduced or these, or those,  
To rush on battle, and provoke the sword ?  
War's rightful hour—forestall it not—will come,  
What time fierce Carthage on Rome's heights shall  
hurl  
Mighty destruction and the opened Alps :  
Then hate for hate, then rapine shall have sway :  
But now give o'er, and cheerfully confirm  
The peace decreed.’ Thus Jupiter in brief :

Not briefly golden Venus makes reply :  
'O Sire, O sovereign power eterne of men  
And all things—for what else is left us yet  
To pray to?—dost thou mark how insolent  
The Rutules? and how Turnus, chariot-borne,  
Vaunts him in mid career, and speeds amain  
Flushed with war's triumph? Their close walls no  
more

Now shield the Teucrians : nay, within their gates,  
E'en on the mounded ramparts, hand to hand  
They grapple, and all the trench o'erflows with blood.  
Æneas is unaware, far off. Wilt thou  
Ne'er yield us respite from the leaguer's ring?  
Over the walls of new-born Troy once more  
A foe is hovering, and once more a host ;  
And from Ætolian Arpi, as of old,  
Up-springs against the Teucrians Tydeus' son.  
My wounds, methinks, await me yet, and I,  
Thine offspring, but delay some mortal spear.  
If unapproved and all unwilling of thee  
The Trojans have sought Italy, that sin  
Let them atone, nor speed them with thine aid :  
But, if obedient unto call on call  
From Heaven and Hades, how can any now  
Reverse thy bidding, and write fate anew ?  
Why call to mind the fleet on Eryx' shore  
Burnt up with fire? Why of the lord of storms  
And his mad blasts roused from Æolia, tell,  
Or Iris sped from heaven? now too she stirs—

Tract unattempted yet—the Shades below ;  
And, on the upper world launch'd suddenly,  
Allecto riots through the Italian towns.  
Of empire naught I reckon ; that hope was ours  
While Fortune stood : win whom thou wouldst have  
win.

If realm be none which thy relentless spouse  
Can spare the Teucrians, by Troy's overthrow  
And smoking ruins, O Sire, I thee conjure,  
Suffer me pluck Ascanius from the fray  
Scathless ; my grandson—suffer him to live.  
Æneas on unknown waters may be tossed,  
And follow fortune, whatso path she point :  
Let me this life avail to shield, and filch  
From war's dread peril. Amathus is mine, .  
Mine lofty Paphos and Cythera's isle,  
And fair Idalia's home : there let him pass  
His days unarmed, inglorious. With proud sway  
Bid Carthage curb Ausonia ; naught from thence  
Shall balk the Tyrian cities. To have 'scaped  
The plague of war what boots him, to have fled  
Clean through the Argive fires, and drained so oft  
Dangers of sea and desert, while Troy's sons  
Seek Latium's shore and Pergamus re-risen ?  
Were it not better to have sat them down  
Amid their land's last ashes, and the soil  
Where once was Troy ? Ah ! hapless, give them back  
Xanthus and Simois ; let the Teucrians, Sire,  
Unroll afresh the tale of Ilium's woe.'

Then royal Juno, by fierce frenzy spurred :  
' Why my deep silence driv'st thou me to break,  
And vent abroad in words a hidden pain ?  
Æneas hath any man or god compelled  
To fly to arms, and launch him as a foe  
On king Latinus ? At the call of fate  
He sought the shores of Italy ; so be it,  
Urged by Cassandra's raving ; was it we  
Bade him quit camp, trust to the winds his life,  
To a boy's guidance commit walls and war,  
Stir treason in Etruria's peaceful folk ?  
What god, what cruel tyranny of ours,  
Impelled him to his bane ? say, where in this  
Was Juno's hand, or Iris sent from heaven ?  
'Tis shame Italia's sons should gird with fire  
Your new-born Troy, and on his native soil  
Turnus set foot, from old Pilumnus sprung,  
Venilia for his mother, nymph divine :  
What for the Trojans then with smoking brands  
To fall on Latium, crush beneath the yoke,  
Ravage and plunder, lands that knew them not,  
Pick wives at will, tear bride from lover's breast—  
Hands craving peace, and vessels lined with war ?  
Thou canst Æneas from Greek hands filch away,  
Mist and void air present them for a man,  
Into as many nymphs canst turn their fleet :  
That we to Rutules too some aid should bring—  
Counts it for crime ? Æneas is unaware,  
Far off, thou sayest ; far off and unaware

Let him remain. Paphos, Idalium,  
Are thine, and tall Cythera : why provoke  
Fierce bosoms, and a town that teems with war ?  
Think you 'tis I who labour to o'erthrow  
The crumbling power of Phrygia ? I, or he  
Who on the hapless Trojans first drew down  
The Achæan onslaught ? Wherefore, say, to arms  
Did Europe rise and Asia, with a rape  
The cords of peace unravel ? Did I lead  
The adulterous Dardan to storm Sparta's hold,  
I find him weapons, or fan war with love ?  
Fears for thy children had become thee then :  
Now, all belated, and with baseless plaints  
Rising, thou flingest thy fierce taunts in vain.'

So pleaded Juno, and the assembled gods  
Murmured approval with divided voice ;  
As rising blasts that, in the forest caught,  
Murmur, and, rolling a dull roar along,  
Bode storm to sailors. Then the almighty sire,  
Prime potentate, brake silence ; as he speaks,  
Hushed is the gods' high palace, and the earth  
From her base trembles ; the deep vault is still ;  
The winds are dropped ; the sea smoothes flat his  
floor.

'Hear then, and graft within your heart, my words.  
Ausonian, Teucrian, since no league may join,  
Nor your own jars have end, howe'er to-day  
Thrive either, cleave what path of hope he will,  
Or Trojan, or Rutulian, shall by me



Be deemed alike indifferent, whether now  
The destinies of Italy, or Troy's  
Own baneful error and ill counsel, hold  
Her camp beleaguered : nor herefrom loose I  
The Rutules. Each shall his own sowing reap—  
Or toil or triumph : Jupiter is king  
Alike for all. 'The fates will find a way.'  
He spake, and by his Stygian brother's stream,  
Banks that with pitch and a black whirlpool boil,  
Nodded assent, and with the nod made all  
Olympus tremble. Here their parle had end.  
Then Jupiter from off his golden throne  
Rises, escorted to his palace-doors  
By all the companies of heaven.

Meanwhile

At every gate the Rutules press around  
To deal red death, and ring the walls with flame.  
But fast within their palisades are penned  
Æneas' leaguered host : no hope of flight.  
Forlorn upon the lofty towers they stand  
In vain, and with a scant ring crown the walls :  
The first rank Asius, son of Imbrasus,  
And Hicetaon's son Thymœtes, then  
The twain Assaraci, and Thymbris old  
And Castor : brothers of Sarpedon both,  
Clarus and Themon at their side are ranged  
From lofty Lycia. Straining his full bulk,  
Lyrnesian Acmon bears a monstrous rock,  
No mean part of a mountain ; lesser-thewed

He nor than Clytius, from whose loins he sprang,  
Nor his own brother Mnestheus. Some with darts  
Strive to ward off the foemen, some with stones.  
Midmost the press, for Venus' care most meet,  
Behold! the Dardan boy, his comely head  
Uncovered, glitters like a gem that cleaves  
The red gold round it, to deck head or throat,  
Or as gleams ivory, cunningly inlaid  
In boxwood or Orician terebinth :  
The milk-white neck his showery locks receives  
Up-gathered in a ring of pliant gold.  
Thee too, O Ismarus, the great-hearted folk  
Saw aim the wound, and arm the reed with bane,  
High-born of house Mæonian, where men till  
Rich furrows by Pactolus washed with gold.  
There too was Mnestheus, whom his late renown  
In routing Turnus from the rampart's height  
Exalts to heaven, and Capys there, from whom  
The great Campanian city draws her name.

These in the grip of stubborn war had closed :  
Æneas was cleaving now the midnight sea.  
For, from Evander parted, and arrived  
The Etruscan camp, soon as he meets the king,  
And to the king relates his race and name,  
Boon asked or offered, and reveals what arms  
Mezentius wins to aid him, and therewith  
The unbridled heart of Turnus—warning him  
How mutable things human, and with pleas  
Mingling entreaties—without more ado

Tarchon joins forces, and strikes treaty : then  
Fate-free, the Lydian folk at heaven's behest  
Beneath an alien's banner leap aboard.  
The good ship of Æneas leads the van,  
The Phrygian lions yoked beneath her prow ;  
O'er them hangs Ida, a boon sight to see  
For Teucrian exiles. Great Æneas here  
Sits and revolves in his own heart the while  
War's changeful issues ; to his leftward side  
Cleaves Pallas, and now asks him of the stars—  
The road-way of dark night—anon of all  
His jeopardies endured by land and sea.

Now open Helicon, ye goddesses,  
And wake the strain, what hero-company,  
Following Æneas from the Etruscan strand,  
Array the decks for war, and ride the deep.

First, in his brass-beaked Tiger, Massicus  
Cleaves the sea-billows, beneath whom are ranged  
A thousand warriors, from walled Clusium come,  
And Cosæ's city ; arrow-men are they,  
Girt with light quiver and death-bearing bow.  
With him grim Abas, his whole band aflame  
With glorious arms, Apollo gilded bright  
Upon the stern. Six hundred of her sons  
Had Populonia lent him, proved in war,  
But Ilva's isle three hundred, whose rich womb  
Teems with the Chalybes' unexhausted mines.  
Third, that interpreter 'twixt gods and men,  
Asilas comes, obedient to whose will

Are victims' entrails, and the stars of heaven,  
And tongues of birds, and bodeful lightning-fires.  
A thousand speeds he on in close array,  
And with spears bristling, to his banner bid  
By Pisa, city of Alphean birth,  
On soil Etruscan. Follows in their wake  
Thrice beauteous Astyr, Astyr on his steed  
And gay-wrought arms relying ; along with him—  
All of one heart to follow—hundreds three  
From Cære's home, or who in Minio's fields  
And ancient Pyrgi dwell, and fever-fraught  
Graviscæ.

No, nor thee must I pass o'er,  
Liguria's bravest chieftain, Cinyras,  
Or thee, Cupavo, with thy scanty train,  
Springs from whose crest the plumage of a swan ;  
Of love-shamed lineage, lo ! for badge thou bear'st  
Thy father's form. For Cycnus, as folk tell,  
Bemoaning his loved Phaethon—what time  
Amid those sisters' shadowy poplar-leaves  
He sings, with music solacing love's woe—  
Donned downy feathers for the snows of age,  
Left earth behind, and starward soared in song.  
The son, embarked with all his warlike peers,  
Urges with oars the mighty Centaur on ;  
Who leans above the flood, and menaces  
With monstrous rock the billows, towering high,  
And furrows with long keel the watery deep.

Summons a war-host from his native shores  
Great Ocnus too, from Manto, prophetess,  
Sprung, and the Tuscan river, who to thee  
Gave walls, O Mantua, and his mother's name,  
Mantua now rich in noble sires, but not  
All of one stock ; a threefold race are they,  
Four several States in each ; o'er all the States  
Herself the head, her strength of Tuscan blood.  
Hence too Mezentius arms to his own bane  
Five hundred, whom the form of Mincius, crowned  
With grey-green rushes, sire Benacus' child,  
Was seaward leading in their pine of war.  
Aulestes labouring onward smites the flood  
With hundred tree-stems rising to the stroke ;  
The sea-floor is up-churned, the waters foam.  
Him monstrous Triton bears, and with his shell  
Frights the blue billows ; downward to the flank  
His shaggy front shows human, as he swims ;  
Ends in a fish the belly ; 'neath his waist  
Half bestial the wave gurgles as it foams.

Such was the tale of chosen chiefs who came  
In thrice ten vessels to the aid of Troy,  
Cleaving with brass the fields of brine.

And now

Kind Phœbë, daylight from the sky withdrawn,  
Smote mid-Olympus with night-wandering car :  
Æneas, for care denied his limbs repose,  
Sole sitting, guides the helm and tends the sails ;  
When a fair band of once his way-fellows

See ! meet him in mid course : the nymphs, whom  
kind

Cybebē bade have worship of the sea,  
And turned to nymphs from vessels, toward him swam,  
Cleaving the floods together, each and all  
That had as brazen prows stood moored to shore.  
Their king they know from far, with solemn dance  
Surround him ; but their skilfullest of speech,  
Cymodocea, following in his wake,  
Grasps with her right the stern, shoots shoulder-high,  
And with her left hand oars the silent wave.  
Then thus she accosts him, though he knew not her :  
' Wakest thou, son of heaven, Æneas ? Wake  
And slack the sail-sheets. Lo ! thy fleet are we,  
Pine-trees of Ida from his sacred crest,  
Now ocean-nymphs. When us the Rutule false  
With sword and fire urged headlong, we thy bonds  
Unwilling snapped, and seek thee o'er the main.  
The mighty Mother, pitying, this our form  
Re-wrought, and gave us to be goddesses,  
And under ocean all our days to spend.  
But young Ascanius wall and trench confine  
'Mid Latium's darts and bristling front of war.  
The Arcadian horse and stout Etruscan stand  
E'en now together at the appointed spot.  
With interposing host to block their path,  
And bar from camp, is Turnus' set resolve.  
Up then ! at earliest dawn bid rouse to arms  
Thy friends, and take the shield, the lord of fire

Gave thee himself, of adamantine might,  
And edged the rims with gold. To-morrow's sun,  
If vain my words thou deem not, shall descry  
Vast heaps of Rutule slaughter.' She had said,  
And with her right hand pushed the lofty stern  
At parting, nowise witless of the way.  
Swifter than javelin, or wind-wingèd shaft,  
It skims along the waves ; thereat the rest  
Quicken their course. The Trojan prince himself,  
Son of Anchises, stands amazed, yet takes  
Heart from the omen ; then, with eyes upturned  
To the high vault of heaven, he briefly prays :  
' Kind queen of Ida, mother of the gods,  
Whom Dindymus, and cities turret-crowned,  
And lions coupled to thy rein, delight,  
Be thou my guide in battle, and this sign  
Bring to fair issue, and with favouring foot  
Attend the Phrygians, goddess.' There he ceased.  
Meanwhile returning dawn sped round apace,  
To broad day ripening, and had banished night :  
First to his comrades he gives charge that all  
Obey the signal, brace their hearts to war,  
And fit them for the fray. And now he holds  
The Teucrian host and his own camp in sight,  
Upon the high poop standing : suddenly  
On his left arm the blazing shield he rears.  
The Dardans from the wall raise shouts to heaven ;  
Hope comes to heighten wrath ; their darts they  
shower ;



As cranes from Strymon under murky clouds  
Give signal, and skim clamorously the air,  
And scud before the south with trailing cry.  
But to the Rutule prince right marvellous,  
And to Ausonia's captains, seemed the thing,  
Till, looking back, the vessels' stems they spy  
Turned shoreward, the whole main one moving fleet.  
Blazes his helm-top ; from the crest above  
Spouts fire ; the gold boss belches floods of flame :  
As on a clear night glows the baleful glare  
Of blood-red comets, or as Sirius' heat,  
Fraught with disease and drought for suffering men,  
Rises, and saddens heaven with light malign.

Yet bates not gallant Turnus his bold hope  
To seize the shore and beat the invaders back.  
'Here is the hap ye prayed for, sword in hand  
To shatter them. The war-god's very self  
Is in the hands of heroes. Now let each  
Of wife and home be mindful, now recall  
The great deeds and the glories of your sires.  
Up ! let us meet them at the brink, while yet  
Confused and tottering, as their feet touch land.  
Fortune befriends the bold.' So saying, he mused  
Inly whom best to lead against the foe,  
Or to whose charge the leaguered walls confide.

Meanwhile, with gangways from each lofty stern  
Æneas unships his comrades. Many wait  
The slack sea's ebb, and hazard a bold leap  
Into the shallows ; some with aid of oars.



Tarchon espies a beach where shoals nor pant,  
Nor broken billow makes retreating moan,  
But all unchecked glides on the deepening tide ;  
Anon steers thither, and calls upon his men :  
‘ Now, chosen crews, bend to your sturdy oars,  
Lift and bear in the barks ; cleave with their beaks  
This hostile land, and let the keel’s sheer weight  
Plough its own furrow. In such a roadstead I  
Shrink not from shipwreck, once we clutch the shore.’  
So Tarchon spake, and all his mates at once  
Rise on their oar-blades, and to Latium’s plain  
Bear in the foaming vessels, till their beaks  
Now grip the dry, and every keel anon  
Lies safely bedded ; but not, Tarchon, thine :  
For, dashed amid the shallows, while she hangs  
Upon a treacherous ridge, long poised in doubt,  
And wearies out the waves, she splits, and casts  
Her crew among the billows ; broken oars  
And floating thwarts entangle them, their feet  
The while dragged backward by the water’s ebb.

No laggard sloth checks Turnus ; swift he hurls  
His whole line at the Teucrians, on the beach  
Halts, and confronts them. Then the trumpets sound.  
First leapt Æneas on the rustic ranks—  
Fair augury of fight—and trampled down  
The Latins, and slew Theron, mightiest-thewed,  
Who dared assault Æneas. The sword-blade, driv’n  
Through links of brass, through tunic stiff with gold,  
Drank of his gaping side. And next he strikes

Lichas, once ripped from his dead mother's womb,  
And sacred to thee, Phœbus, as a babe  
Suffered to 'scape the perils of the steel.  
And rugged Cisseus, and huge Gyas, too,  
While levelling with their clubs the ranks hard by,  
He smote to death ; no whit might these bestead  
The arms of Hercules, or their stout hands,  
And sire Melampus, erst Alcides' mate,  
Long as earth yielded him his travails sore.  
While Pharus, see ! flings deedless words abroad,  
The hero brandishes and plants a spear  
Full in his bawling mouth. Thou, Cydon, too,  
In luckless quest of Clytius, thy new joy,  
The young down yellowing on his cheek, had'st lain  
Stretched 'neath the Dardan's hand, of youthful loves,  
Thy lifelong care, forgetful—piteous sight,  
Had not thy brethren, a close-banded throng,  
Offspring of Phorcus, crossed the foeman's path,  
Their number seven, and seven the darts they fling :  
From shield and helmet some bound idly back,  
Some, by kind Venus turned aside, his limbs  
Graze merely. Then Æneas thus bespeaks  
Trusty Achates : ' Bring me store of darts ;  
None of all those shall my right hand for naught  
Launch at the Rutules, which on Ilium's plain  
In Grecian flesh stood planted.' Therewithal  
A mighty spear he grasps and hurls ; it flew,  
And shattering through the brass of Mæon's shield,  
Cleaves breast and breastplate. To his brother's aid

Up comes Alcanor, props him, as he falls,  
With right hand brotherly ; but through his arm  
The spear, sped onward, wins its bloody way,  
And from his shoulder by the sinews, lo !  
The hand hung dying. Then, from his brother's corse  
Snatching the weapon, Numitor assails  
Æneas, yet might not strike him full, and grazed  
Tall-limbed Achates on the thigh. Thereat  
Clausus of Cures, in his youthful frame  
Trusting, drew near, and with a javelin-cast  
Smote Dryops 'neath the chin, and, urging home  
The tough shaft, pierced his throat, and in mid-speech  
Reft life and voice ; his forehead strikes the earth,  
And from his lips he vomits out thick gore.  
Three, too, from Thrace, of Boreas' lofty line,  
And three, by their sire Idas sent to war,  
And Ismarus their country, he lays low  
By divers deaths. Halæsus to the fray  
Hastes with the bands Auruncan, and up-speeds  
Messapus, child of Neptune, steed-renowned.  
Now these, now those, strive to fling back the foe,  
And on Ausonia's very verge contend.  
As in the vast of air when wrangling winds  
Rise to do battle, matched in wrath and might,  
None to the other yields, wind, cloud, or sea :  
Long sways the combat : all stand locked in strife :  
So Trojan ranks and Latin, each with each  
Clash ; foot to foot clings, and man crowds on man.

But yonder, where a torrent far and wide  
Had sent rocks rolling and torn bush from bank,  
When Pallas his Arcadians saw, unused  
To foot encounter, fly the hot pursuit  
Of Latium—for the rough ground counselled them  
Their steeds to abandon—now with prayers, and now  
With taunting words, sole refuge in his strait,  
He fires their courage: ‘Whither fly ye, friends?  
By your brave deeds, by Chief Evander’s name  
And his triumphant wars—ay, by the hope  
That springs in me to match my sire’s renown—  
Trust not to flight. It is the sword must cleave  
Through foes our passage. Where yon warrior-throng  
Press thickest, your proud country calls you back,  
Pallas to lead you. No gods bear us down;  
Mortals by mortals are we driven, who yet  
Boast lives and hands as many. Behold! the deep  
With its vast bar confines us, and land fails  
For flight: shall ocean be our aim, or Troy?’  
So saying, he dashed amid the hostile press.  
First meets him Lagus, led by fates malign,  
Whom, tugging at a huge and ponderous stone,  
With javelin hurled he pierces, where the spine  
’Twixt ribs and ribs made severance, and plucks back  
His weapon whence it clave amid the bones.  
Yet Hisbo from above surprised him not,  
Though surely hoping; for, as on he rushed,  
Blinded with rage for his friend’s bitter fate,  
Pallas forestalls him, in his swollen lung

Plunging the sword-blade. Next on Sthenius  
He hurls him, and Anchemolus, derived  
From Rhœtus' ancient stem, who dared defile  
His step-dame's bridal chamber. And ye, too,  
Twin sons of Daucus, on the Rutule plain  
Fell, ThyMBER and Larides, wearing both  
One likeness, e'en to their own parents' eyes  
A sweet insoluble perplexity.  
But bitter difference now hath Pallas wrought  
Betwixt ye ; for thy head the Evandrian sword  
Hath shorn, O ThyMBER, and thy lopp'd right hand  
Gropes for its lord, Larides, and half-quick  
The fingers quiver, and clutch the sword anew.  
Fired by the hero's chiding, and at sight  
Of his resplendent deeds, 'twixt rage and shame  
The Arcadians steel their hearts to face the foe.  
Then Pallas pierces Rhœteus as he sped  
Past in his chariot. Respite and delay  
Thus much gat Ilus : for at Ilus he  
Had aimed a doughty javelin from afar ;  
But Rhœteus, intercepting it midway,  
From thee, right noble Teuthras, as he fled,  
And from thy brother Tyrës, rolled from car,  
Hammers with dying heel the Rutule plain.  
As, at his wish, when summer winds have risen,  
Some shepherd fires the forest here and there ;  
All in a moment the mid spaces catch,  
And o'er the wide plains in unbroken line  
Sweeps the grim-flickering edge of Vulcan's war—

He, perched triumphant, marks the revelling flame ;  
So all thy comrades wax in valour one,  
And glad thee, Pallas. But to meet them moves  
Halæsus, brave in onset, the whole man  
Behind his shield up-gathered, and hews down  
Ladon and Pheres and Demodocus ;  
Strymonius' right hand, raised against his throat,  
With flashing blade he shears, then smites with a rock  
The face of Thoas, and batters in the bones,  
Blood mixed with brain. Halæsus in the woods  
Had by his prophet-sire been hid ; when now  
The old man's eyes failed and were glazed in death,  
Fates claim their own, and to Evander's darts  
Devote the son. At him now Pallas aimed,  
First praying thus : ' O father Tiber, grant  
Now to this weapon, which I poise for flight,  
A prosperous way through stout Halæsus' heart ;  
So shall thine oak his arms and spoils possess.'  
This heard the god ; Halæsus, while he shields  
Imaon, to the Arcadian dart lays bare  
His luckless breast. But Lausus, of the flight  
Main champion, brooks not that his ranks be scared  
By all the hero's slaughter : at their head  
Encountering he slays Abas, a tough knot  
And barrier of the battle. Then goes down  
Arcadia's manhood, down the Etruscans go,  
And ye, whose frames defied the slaughtering Greeks,  
O Teucrians. Matched in leaders, as in might,  
Host rushes upon host. The rearward ranks

Close up and crowd the battle, hand and spear  
Wedged beyond wielding. Here is Pallas, see,  
Pressing and straining, there, confronting him,  
Lausus, in age his equal, both alike  
Peerless in beauty, but by fortune's ban  
Doomed to no home-return. Yet were they not  
Suffered by great Olympus' lord to close  
In conflict ; each beneath a mightier foe  
Waits his impending destiny.

Meanwhile

His gracious sister now bids Turnus bring  
Relief to Lausus ; and on flying car  
He cleaves the ranks between them. When his  
friends

He spied, ' Ho now ! cease fighting ; I alone  
Go to meet Pallas ! Pallas is my due,  
Mine only : fain were I his sire himself  
Stood here to see.' So spake he, and his friends  
Withdrew them from the space proclaimed. But  
when

The Rutules had made room, the noble youth,  
Much marvelling at the haughty mandate, stares  
Amazed at Turnus, over the vast frame  
Lets roll his eyes, and with fierce glance afar  
Scans him at every point, then, speech for speech,  
Makes answer to the monarch : ' Now shall I  
Be praised as winner of the splendid spoils,  
Or for a famous death ; and either fate  
My sire can face. Away with threats.' So saying,



He strides into the arena's midst. About  
The Arcadians' heart-strings the blood curdles cold.  
Turnus has leapt from chariot, and on foot  
Prepares for close encounter. As a lion,  
That from his lofty outlook hath espied  
A bull far off, erect upon the plain,  
Brooding on battle, flies upon the prey,  
E'en such the look of Turnus as he came.  
But Pallas, when he deemed the foe would be  
Now within spear-cast, hastens to begin,  
So some kind hap might help the bold essay  
Of ill-matched powers : then thus to the great heaven  
He cries : ' By my sire's welcome, and the board  
Whereto thou cam'st a stranger, I thee pray,  
Alcidēs, aid me in my vast emprise.  
Let him behold me from his limbs yet quick  
Strip off the blood-stained arms, and Turnus' eyes,  
Dying, endure a conqueror.' The youth's prayer  
Alcidēs heard, and, stifling a deep groan  
Within his heart, shed unavailing tears.  
Then with kind words the Sire bespake his son :  
' Each hath his term appointed ; brief the span  
Of all men's life, and irretrievable ;  
But by great feats to lengthen fame, here lies  
The task of valour. 'Neath Troy's lofty walls  
Fell many a god-begotten ; nay, therewith  
Perished Sarpedon, mine own offspring. Ay,  
And Turnus his fates summon, now arrived  
The goal of age allotted.' Thus he spake,



And from the Rutule plain his eyes withdrew.  
But Pallas launches with main strength a spear,  
And plucks from hollow sheath his flashing sword.  
On flew the shaft, and, where the shoulder-plates  
Rose to their highest, lit, and forced its way  
Through the shield's edges, and glanced off at length  
E'en from the mighty frame of Turnus. Then  
Turnus, long poising a steel-pointed spear,  
Hurls it at Pallas, crying, 'Look you now  
Whether my dart pierce deeper.' He had said,  
But crashing through the centre of the shield—  
Iron upon iron welded, brass on brass,  
Wound all about with bull's hide manifold—  
With quivering impact the point tore, and pierced  
The corslet's barrier and the mighty breast.  
He plucks the warm dart from the wound in vain ;  
Outburst one way the life-blood and the life ;  
Prone on the wound he sinks, and over him  
Loud clanged his armour, as the dying lips,  
Blood-dabbled, smote upon the foeman's soil.  
Then, standing o'er him, Turnus spake and said :  
'Arcadians, heed, and to Evander's ear  
Bear this my message : say that, in such plight  
As he hath earned him, I send Pallas home.  
What grace a grave, what solace burial hath,  
Freely I grant. Right dearly will he rue  
His welcome of Æneas.' Thus he spake,  
And with his left foot pressed the lifeless corse,  
Seizing the belt's vast burden, with the crime

Engraved there—in one nuptial night a band  
Of youths slain foully, and the bride-bower drenched  
In blood ; which Clonus, son of Eurytus,  
Had traced upon thick gold : but of the prize  
Turnus now boasts him, glorying in the spoil.  
Ah ! mind of man, to fate and coming doom  
Blind, and that knows no bridle, when elate  
With prosperous fortune ! there shall come a time  
When Turnus fain at a great price would buy  
Pallas back scathless, and will yon proud spoils  
Loathe, and the day he won them. But his friends  
With many a groan and tear throng round and set  
Pallas on shield, and bear him from the fray.  
O grief and mighty glory to thy sire  
Anon returning ! This one day begins  
And ends alike thy warfare ; none the less  
Huge heaps of Rutule dead thou leav'st behind.

Now no mere rumour of so dear a loss,  
But weightier witness to Æneas hies ;  
His friends but a bare span from death, 'tis time  
Troy's routed ranks to succour. With the sword  
He reaps what's nearest, and through serried foes,  
Like fire, a wide path hews him, thee to seek,  
Turnus, exulting in new deeds of blood.  
Pallas, Evander—on his very eyes  
Flashed the whole scene, the board whereto he came  
Then first, a stranger, and the pledged right hands.  
Four warriors hereupon from Sulmo sprung,  
As many reared by Ufens, he takes quick,

To slay as offerings to the shade, and drench  
The blazing funeral-pyre with captive blood.  
Next from afar at Magus he had aimed  
A deadly spear. But he comes crouching up  
Slily, while o'er him the shaft quivering flew,  
Then clasped the hero's knees, and suppliant spake :  
' By thy sire's soul, I pray thee, by thy hopes  
Ripening with young Iulus, spare my life  
For son and sire. A stately house have I,  
Where talent-weights of silver fair-embossed  
Lie buried deep, and massy gold is mine,  
Wrought and unwrought. Nor hinges hereupon  
The Teucrians' triumph, nor one life alone  
Can work so vast a difference.' He had said.  
To whom Æneas thus spake in answer : ' All  
Thy boasted store of silver and of gold  
Save for thy sons. Such trafficking in arms  
Turnus fore-cancelled in that hour when he  
Smote Pallas dead. So deems among the Shades  
My sire Anchises, and Iulus so.'  
He spake, and with his left hand grasped the helm,  
And bending the neck backward, as he prayed,  
Plunged in his sword-blade to the hilt. Hard by  
The son of Hæmon, priest of Phœbus, stood,  
And Trivia, chapleted about the brow  
With sacred fillet-bands, from head to heel  
One splendour of white raiment, glittering arms.  
Him then he meets, and drives adown the plain,  
Stands o'er him slipp'd and fallen, and slaughters him.

And in vast darkness whelms. The warrior's arms,  
Up-gathered, Serestus shoulders and bears off,  
Trophy to thee, Gradivus, lord of war.

Now Cæculus, from the stock of Vulcan sprung,  
And Umbro who from Marsian mountains came,  
Repair the battle-ranks. Against them storms  
The Dardan. With the sword he had lopped off  
Anxur's left arm, and, with the arm, his shield's  
Whole circle ; the man had uttered some big boast,  
And thought with deed to match it, and belike  
Was e'en exalting his proud soul to heaven  
With promise of hoar eld and length of days ;  
When, in bright arms exulting, Tarquitus,  
Whom Dryopë the nymph erewhile had borne  
To woodland Faunus, crossed his fiery path.  
He, drawing back his spear, pins fast in one  
The corslet and huge burden of his shield ;  
Then, as he vainly prays, with many a word  
Still ripe for utterance, hurled to earth his head,  
And, rolling in the dust the yet warm trunk,  
In bitter mood spake o'er it : ' Now lie there,  
Redoubted warrior ! no kind mother's hand  
In earth shall hide thee, or heap above thy limbs  
A father's tomb : but to the ravenous birds  
Shalt thou be left, or gulf shall drown and wave  
Bear thee, and hungry fishes lip thy wounds.'  
Antæus next and Lucas, foremost ranks  
Of Turnus, he o'ertakes, and Numa brave,  
And tawny Camers, noble Volscens' son,

Richest in land of all Ausonia's folk,  
Who ruled in hushed Amyclæ. Even as when  
Ægeon, fabled of a hundred arms,  
A hundred hands, and from whose fifty mouths  
And breasts blazed fire, against the bolts of Jove  
Clashed on like shields as many, as many swords  
Drew ; so Æneas over the wide plain  
Rages his fill victoriously, when once  
His blade waxed warm. Nay see ! he moves to meet  
Niphæus' four-horse team and threatening front.  
Soon as they saw him striding with huge steps,  
And fiercely muttering, the steeds wheeled for fear,  
Rushed backward, and flung forth their lord, and  
whirled

The chariot shore-ward. Lucagus meanwhile  
With twain white war-steeds dashed amid the throng,  
He and his brother Liger ; Liger reins  
And guides the horses ; Lucagus waves fierce  
His circling sword-blade. Their so fiery rage  
Æneas brooked not, but upon them rushed,  
Towering conspicuous with opposing spear.  
To whom spake Liger : ' Here dost thou behold  
Nor Diomedes' coursers, nor Achilles' car,  
Nor Phrygia's plain : the last of war and life  
Now on this soil awaits thee.' Such wild words  
Fly from mad Liger's lips. But not in words  
Troy's hero shapes his answer ; at the foe  
A dart he launches ; and when Lucagus  
Low-leaning, as to smite them, with the steel

His team had chidden, and now, left foot advanced,  
Plants him for battle, through the nether rims  
Of his bright buckler entering, the spear pierced  
His groin to leftward : tumbled from the car  
Dying, he rolls upon the plain. To whom  
In bitter accents good Æneas spake :  
'Thy chariot, Lucagus, no coward flight  
Of steeds betrayed, nor foe-flung shadows vain  
Turned backward ; leaping from the wheels, thyself  
The car forsak'st.' So saying, he caught the team.  
Down from the chariot, stretching helpless hands,  
Slid too the unhappy brother : 'By thyself,  
And by the twain who framed thee that thou art,  
Great Trojan, leave me life, and to my plaint  
Lend pitying ear.' Yet more he would have prayed,  
When thus Æneas : 'Not such the words erewhile  
Thou uttered'st. Die, nor brother be divorced  
From brother.' Thereat with the sword's point his  
breast

He cleaves, and lets the life-breath from its lair.  
Thus through the plain the Dardan chief dealt death,  
Raging like torrent-wave or black typhoon.  
At length the young Ascanius and his host  
Break forth, quit camp, and foil the leaguer's ring.

Meanwhile to Juno thus high Jove begins :  
'O sister mine and sweetest wife in one,  
'Tis Venus, as thou deemed'st—nor errs aught  
Thy judgment—who upholds the power of Troy,  
Not warrior's right hand, throbbing for the fray,

Nor fiery soul that can all danger dare.'  
Quoth Venus meekly: 'Wherefore, fairest lord,  
Vex a sick heart, of thy stern words afraid?  
Had but my love that power it boasted once,  
And still should boast, I had not asked in vain  
Of thine omnipotence to grant me this—  
Leave to filch Turnus from the fight, and keep  
Unscathed for Daunus, for his sire. But now  
E'en let him perish, and with that loyal blood  
Pay forfeit to the Teucrians. He nathless  
Draws from the stock of heaven his name, and springs  
Fourth from Pilumnus; and his lavish hand  
Hath oft thy threshold heaped with bounteous gifts.'  
Briefly to her spake high Olympus' lord:  
'If but from present death reprieve be asked,  
And respite for the warrior, ere he fall,  
And thou perceiv'st I rule it so, bear hence  
Away, pluck Turnus from the impending fate;  
Such scope is mine to pleasure thee. But if  
There lurk beneath thy prayer some ampler boon,  
Or deemest that the war's whole course may shift  
And suffer change, thou feed'st an empty hope.'  
And Venus answered weeping: 'What and if  
Thy heart vouchsafed me what thy lips deny,  
And pledged this loan of Turnus' life to last?  
Now, some dread end awaits him innocent,  
Or I drift void of truth. Yet O to be  
By false fear cheated, and that thou, who canst,  
Wouldst bend thy course to better!' Having said,



Forthwith she darted from the welkin's height,  
And trailing storm through heaven, and girt in cloud,  
Sought Ilium's army and Laurentum's camp.  
Then out of hollow mist the goddess shapes  
A shade, thin, void of strength, in semblance like  
Æneas—a monstrous marvel to behold—  
Decks it with Dardan gear, and counterfeits  
The shield, the horse-plume of the godlike head,  
Gives unreal words, gives sound devoid of soul,  
And mocks the very motions of his stride ;  
Like phantoms that, folk say, flit after death,  
Or visions that befool the slumbering sense.  
Now in the van of battle stalks the shade  
Exulting, with its weapons goads the foe,  
With shouts defies him. Turnus rushes on't,  
And hurls from far a hissing spear ; the shape  
Wheels and retires. But Turnus, when he deemed  
Æneas fled back, and with bewildered soul  
Drank the delusive hope, cries ' Whither fly'st,  
Æneas? Quit not thy plighted bridal-bower :  
The soil, thou hast crossed the waterways to find,  
This hand shall yield thee.' With such clamorous  
shouts

He follows, and brandishes his naked blade,  
Nor marks the light winds bear his boast away.  
Fast by a tall rock's base there chanced to stand  
A vessel with steps set and gangway geared,  
Which King Osinius bare from Clusium's coast.  
Hither the mock Æneas hurrying fled,

And plunged for shelter ; nor at slacker speed  
Turnus pursues, treads all that stays him down,  
Clears the high bridge, and scarce had touched the  
prow,

Ere Saturn's daughter rends the rope, and speeds  
O'er back-rolled billows the shore-sundered ship.  
Æneas meanwhile defies a vanished foe,  
And many a warrior-frame that crossed his path  
Sends death-ward. For no further shelter then  
Seeks the light phantom, but took wing aloft,  
And with a dark cloud mingled : the rough blast  
Meanwhile bears Turnus through the billows' midst.  
Blind to the cause, unthankful for escape,  
Backward he gazes, and lifts high his voice  
With hands up-clasped to heaven : ' Almighty Sire,  
Hast deemed me worthy of reproach so deep,  
To pay such forfeit doomed me ? Whither bound ?  
Whence came I hither ? What flight, and in such  
guise,

Wafts me from shore ? Shall I again behold  
Laurentum's camp and bulwarks ? What of those  
Brave hearts, the followers of my sword and me ?  
Whom one and all—ah ! horror !—I have left  
To nameless butchery, yea, can see them now  
Rank-scattered, and hear groaning as they fall ?  
What must I do ? What land now deep enough  
Can gape to hide me ? Rather do ye winds  
Take pity, and drive the ship on reef, on rock—  
I, Turnus, from my heart implore—or cast

On cruel quicksands, where no Rutule foot,  
Nor rumour that knows all, may track me out.'  
So saying, his soul rocks this way, and rocks that,  
Whether upon his sword, so deep the shame,  
Madly to hurl him, and 'twixt rib and rib  
Drive the stern blade, or plunge amid the seas,  
So swimming gain the curvèd beach, and fall  
Once more upon the Teucrians. Either way  
Thrice he essayed ; thrice, pitiful of heart,  
Great Juno checked and held him. The ship skims  
Cleaving the deep, and, sped by tide and wave,  
To his sire Daunus' ancient town is borne.

Fiery Mezentius now by Jove's behest  
Takes up the battle, and falls upon Troy's host  
Amidst their triumph. The Etruscan ranks  
Rally together, and on him alone,  
Alone on him, with gathered fury press,  
And showering missiles. Even as a rock,  
That juts far out into the mighty main,  
Bare to wind's brunt, a target for the sea,  
All stress, all menace both of sky and deep  
Outfaces, fixed abiding ; so to earth  
He strikes down Hebrus Dolichaon's son,  
And Latagus, and Palmus as he fled ;  
But Latagus full in face and mouth surprised  
With a huge fragment of hill-rock he smote ;  
Hamstrung and helpless he let Palmus sprawl,  
And gave the arms to Lausus, on his back  
To wear them, in his helm to fix the crest :

Phrygian Euanthes too, and Mimas, whom,  
Once friend of Paris and his peer in age,  
Theano bare to Amycus his sire,  
The selfsame night that Cisseus' royal child  
Teemed with a firebrand, and gave Paris birth.  
Paris within his father's city lies,  
Mimas, unknown, Laurentum's coast doth keep.  
Lo! as a mighty boar, by sharp-toothed hounds  
Driven from the mountain heights, which many a year  
Pine-fruitful Vesulus hath sheltering held,  
Many Laurentum's marsh-land, pastured fair  
Within her reedy jungle, he, once come  
Amid the meshes, halts with angry grunt,  
And bristles up his shoulders; none durst rage  
Against him, or draw nearer; at safe range  
With darts and shouts they harass him from far;  
He, dauntless, slowly to this side and that  
Turns with teeth gnashing, and shakes off the spears:  
So, of all those who burned with righteous wrath  
Against Mezentius, none durst draw the sword  
And close in onset, but with deafening shouts  
And far-spiced shafts assail him. There had come  
From the ancient bounds of Corythus a Greek,  
Acron, who, leaving half-done marriage rites,  
Had fled away; him seeing from afar  
Amid the ranks deal havoc, gay with plumes,  
And in the purple of his plighted bride—  
As oft-times, ranging the deep forest-lairs,  
An unfed lion, by mad hunger urged,

If haply he hath spied a fleet-foot goat,  
Or towering-antlered stag, exults and opes  
His monstrous jaws, uprears his mane, and hangs  
Over the rent flesh, couching ; the foul gore  
Drenches his cruel mouth—so eagerly  
Upon the foemen's mass Mezentius leaps.  
Down goes the hapless Acron, with his heels  
Hammers the dark earth, dying, and stains red  
The splintered spear-shaft. He too deigned not  
smite

Orodēs flying, nor deal him a blind blow  
With javelin-cast, but meets him face to face,  
And man to man encounters, by no stealth  
Filching the vantage, but sheer force of arms.  
Then, on the prostrate foe with foot and spear  
Pressing, he spake : ‘ Here tall Orodēs lies,  
My men, no paltry portion of the war.’  
His comrades after him glad pæan raise.  
With ebbing breath the other : ‘ Whoe’er thou art,  
Not unavenged I fall, nor long shalt thou  
Enjoy thy victory ; for thee, too, like fates  
Are watching ; the same fields thou soon shalt  
press.’

To whom Mezentius, with wrath-mingled smile :  
‘ Now die ; the sire of gods and king of men  
Shall look to me.’ So saying, he drew the spear  
From out the hero's body ; stern repose  
And iron slumber on his eyelids press,  
And their orbs close in everlasting night.

Cædicus then cuts down Alcathous ;  
Sacrator slays Hydaspes ; Rapo's sword  
Falls on Parthenius and the knotty strength  
Of Orses ; Clonius by Messapus dies  
With Lycaonian Ericetës, one  
Stretched prone by stumbling of his reinless steed,  
One foot to foot confronting him. Forth stood  
Agis the Lycian too, whom Valerus  
Nathless, naught lacking of ancestral worth,  
Smote to the dust ; then Thronius by the hand  
Of Salius ; Salius by Nealces falls,  
For javelin and far-stealing arrow famed.

Fell Mavors now was meting forth to each  
Like dole and mutual death ; both equally  
Victors, both vanquished, slew and fell, nor thought  
Of flight had either. In Jove's hall the gods  
Of these and those the fruitless rage lament,  
And that poor mortals should such toils endure.  
Venus on one side gazes, and on one  
Saturnian Juno. Pale Tisiphonë  
Raves on amid their thousands on the plain.  
But now Mezentius, shaking his huge spear,  
Into the field strides stormily ; and lo !  
Vast as Orion when he cleaves a path,  
Wading through middle Nereus' mightiest pools,  
And with his shoulder tops the waves, or when,  
Bearing an agèd ash from mountain-height,  
He stalks on earth, and hides his head in cloud—  
So strode Mezentius onward, vast in arms.

Æneas adown the line of battle spies,  
And moves to meet him. He his noble foe  
Dauntless abides, and plants his ponderous bulk ;  
Then, measuring with his eyes a spear-throw's space :  
' Now let my right hand's godhead and the dart  
I poise for flight bestead me ! Here I vow  
To make thee, Lausus, thee, a living man,  
Arrayed in spoils torn from the robber's corse,  
My trophy of Æneas.' He had said,  
And hurled from hand a hissing spear ; it flew,  
And glanced from off the shield, and pierced afar  
Noble Antorës betwixt side and loin—  
Antorës, friend of Hercules, who, sent  
From Argos, to Evander clave, and found  
Beneath Italian walls a home. But ah !  
Smit by another's wound he lies, and looks  
On heaven, and, dying, of his dear Argos dreams.  
Then good Æneas hurls a spear ; it sped  
Right through the hollow disc of threefold brass,  
Through layers of linen, and the inwoven work  
Of triple bull's hide, and lodged low i' the groin,  
But pushed not home its passage. Swiftly then  
Æneas drew sword, rejoicing to behold  
The Tuscan's blood, forth plucks it from his thigh,  
And hotly presses on the staggering foe.  
Lausus for love of his dear sire groaned deep  
At sight of it, and tears rolled o'er his face.  
Nor here thy piteous doom, thy matchless deeds,  
If length of time e'er make believable



Such exploit, nor thyself, brave youth, right meet  
To be remembered, will I leave unsung.  
He, thus defenceless and sore hampered, now  
Was back retiring, trailing from his shield  
The foeman's dart; forth leapt the youth, and  
thrust

Betwixt their points, and, as Æneas' right hand  
Now rose to strike, ran in beneath his sword,  
And, hindering, stayed the striker. Loud his folk  
Cheer him, and follow with their eyes, until  
The sire, son-shielded, might win safe retreat,  
And hurl their javelins, and bear back the foe  
With darts from far. Æneas storms with rage,  
And keeps shield-covered. As, when with boisterous  
hail

The clouds fall headlong, plough-folk, every one,  
And country hinds fly scattered from the fields,  
And cowers the wayfarer in some safe hold,  
Or river-bank, or high o'er-arching rock,  
While rain still pelts the earth, that they may task  
The daylight with returning sunshine: so  
Æneas, o'erwhelmed with countless darts, endures  
The war-cloud, till it growl itself away,  
Still chiding Lausus, threatening Lausus: 'Why  
Rush upon death, and overdare thy strength?  
Love fools thee into rashness.' Not the less  
Madly he riots, till in the Dardan chief  
Fierce wrath rose headier, and the sister-Fates  
Lausus' last threads up-gather; for now drives

Æneas his strong sword through the stripling's frame  
Till the whole blade is buried. His light shield,  
Frail arms for one so threatening, the point pierced,  
And pierced the tunic which of pliant gold  
His mother wove him, and blood filled his breast ;  
Then life, regretful, on its airy way  
Fled to the Shades, and left the body lone.  
But when he saw the dying look and face,  
The face so wondrous pale, Anchises' son  
Uttered a deep groan, pitying him, and stretched  
His right hand forth, as in his soul there rose  
The likeness of the love he bore his sire.  
' Poor boy ! what guerdon for thy glorious deeds—  
Say what, to match that mighty heart of thine,  
Shall good Æneas yield thee ? Those thine arms,  
Wherein thou gloried'st, keep them ; and thyself,  
If such a care may touch thee, to the Shades  
And ashes of thy fathers I restore.  
Unhappy ! yet for thy sad end some balm  
Be this : by great Æneas thou art slain.'  
Then hails he his attendants, chiding them  
For loiterers, and uplifts their lord from earth,  
Where he lay dabbling his trim locks with blood.

Meanwhile the sire by Tiber's stream now staunch'd  
His wounds with water, and for ease lay propped  
Against a tree-trunk. On the boughs apart  
Hangs the brass helmet, and his ponderous arms  
Rest on the meadow-sward. About him stand  
His flower of war ; he panting and in pain

Foments his neck, and lets the flowing beard  
O'erspread his bosom, many a time inquires  
Of Lausus, and oft sends to call him back,  
And bear the lad his sorrowing sire's command.  
But Lausus, laid on shield, a lifeless corse,  
His friends in tears were bearing—mighty soul  
Quelled by a mighty wound. The father's heart,  
Ill-boding, recognised their wail afar.  
With showers of dust his hoary locks he soils,  
And spreads both hands to heaven, and clasps his  
arms

About the corse. 'Did then such joy of life  
Possess me, O my son, that in my stead  
I suffered thee, even thee whom I begat,  
To meet the foeman's stroke? Am I, thy sire,  
Saved through thy wounds, and living by thy death?  
Ah! to my sorrow now at last I know  
What exile is! now is the wound pushed home.  
Yea, and I too with infamy, my son,  
Thy name have spotted, by men's hate of me  
Thrust from the throne and sceptre of my sires!  
To mine own country and my people's spite  
I should have paid the forfeit, by all deaths  
Freely have yielded up this guilty life.  
Now I live on, from men and light of day  
Not yet departing; but depart I will.'  
So saying, at once upon his wounded thigh  
He raised him, and, albeit from the deep wound  
His force flagged somewhat, with no downcast air

Called for his war-steed. This was aye his pride,  
And this his solace ; hereon he was wont  
From all his wars to ride victorious home.  
The sorrowing creature now he thus bespeaks :  
' We have lived long, O Rhæbus, if aught long  
Pertain to mortals. Or to-day shalt thou  
Bear back in triumph the bloody spoils and head  
Of yon Æneas, and be of Lausus' pangs  
My co-avenger, or, if all force fail  
Our path to open, shalt beside me lie :  
No, nor wilt thou, methinks, my bravest, deign  
Brook stranger's bidding, or a Teucrian lord.'  
He said, and, mounted on his willing back,  
As ever wont, bestrode him, and both hands  
Charged with keen javelins, his head bright with  
brass,  
Shaggy with horse-hair plume. So galloping  
He dashed amidst them. In one single heart  
Upsurges a vast tide of shame and grief  
With fury mingled ; and thrice o'er he called  
With mighty voice ' Æneas ! ' Well, I trow,  
Æneas knew it, and prayed a jubilant prayer :  
' May the great Sire of gods so bring to pass,  
So lord Apollo ! fall on, begin the fray ! '  
Thus much he spake, and with his threatening spear  
Moved on to meet him. But the other cried :  
' Reft of my son, why thinkest thou, fierce man,  
To fright me now ? sole way was this whereby  
To work my ruin. I shudder not at death,

No, nor spare any of thy gods. Now cease ;  
I come to die, but bring thee first these gifts.'  
He spake, and hurled a dart against the foe,  
Then yet another and another plants,  
In a wide circle wheeling ; but the boss  
Of gold bides all. Thrice round the watchful foe  
Rode he in rings to leftward, from his hand  
Launching the javelins ; thrice the Trojan prince  
Bears round with him upon his brazen targe  
A dense spear-forest. Then wearying to prolong  
Delays so many, so many darts to pluck,  
And by the unequal conflict sore bestead,  
Much inly pondering, forth at last he springs,  
And in betwixt the war-steed's hollow brows  
Hurls his spear mightily. The beast reared up,  
Lashed with his hooves the air, his rider flung,  
Then, following him, head downward, pinned to earth  
And with his shoulder pressed the fallen man.  
Trojan and Latin shouts set heaven ablaze.  
Up speeds Æneas, and plucks sword from sheath,  
Then o'er him : ' Where is bold Mezentius now,  
And all his heart's wild violence ? ' Unto whom  
The Etruscan, as up-glancing he drew in  
A draught of heaven, and to himself returned :  
' Why, bitter foe, dost taunt and threaten death ?  
In slaying is no sin ; nor with such thought  
Came I to battle, nor did my Lausus so  
Pledge terms betwixt us. This alone I crave,  
By whatso grace to fallen foes may be :

Let earth my body hide. Girt round am I  
With bitter hate of my own folk, I wot.  
Fend me from this their rage, and with my son  
Grant fellowship in burial.' So he spake,  
Welcomed the sword to his expectant throat,  
And o'er his arms let pour life's ruddy tide.

## BOOK XI

*ÆNEID XI*

MEANWHILE Aurora rising left the sea ;  
Æneas, though stress of grief bade yield the hour  
To burial of his friends, with mind by death  
Bewildered, to the gods at earliest dawn  
His victor-vows was paying. A mighty oak,  
Lopped bare of branches, on a mound he plants,  
And decks in gleaming armour torn from Prince  
Mezentius—trophy to thy praise, great King  
Of battle. The hero's plume, still dripping blood,  
And splintered spears he hangs there, the cuirass  
Twice six times smitten and pierced through and  
through,  
And to the left hand binds the brazen shield,  
And hangs the ivory sword about its neck.  
Then his rejoicing friends—for the whole band  
Of chiefs thronged close about him—he exhorts,  
Thus breaking silence : ' The main work o' the war  
Has been achieved, my heroes ; for the rest,  
Let every fear be banished : lo ! ye see  
The spoils and first-fruits of the tyrant-king ;

And here, my handiwork, Mezentius stands.  
Now lies our path to Latium's king and town.  
Arm you in spirit ; in hope forestall the fray ;  
That when the gods give signal to pluck hence  
Our standards, and lead forth the host from camp,  
No pause impede you, caught at unawares,  
Nor faltering purpose, born of fear, retard.  
Meanwhile our comrades, that unburied lie,  
Commit we to the earth—sole honour left  
In depths of Acheron. Ay, go forth,' he said,  
' With farewell tribute grace the peerless souls  
Who with their life-blood this our country won,  
And to Evander's sorrowing city first  
Be Pallas sent, whom, lacking naught of man,  
The dark day reft, and plunged in bitter doom.'

Weeping he spake, and to the tent retraced  
His steps, where Pallas' lifeless corse was laid,  
Watched by Acœtes old, who bare the arms  
Once of Evander the Parrhasian, now  
In less auspicious hour was faring forth,  
Of his loved foster-child the appointed friend.  
And all the attendant train and Trojan throng  
Stood round, with Ilian women, their locks loosed  
In wonted wise for sorrow ; but when Æneas  
Within the high doors entered, they up-lift  
A mighty wail to heaven, and beat their breasts,  
And all the royal place resounds with shriek  
Of sorrow. He likewise, when the pillowed head  
And face of Pallas snowy-white he saw,



And marked the Ausonian spear-head's gaping wound  
On his smooth breast, spake with o'er-welling tears :  
' Poor boy, did Fortune, when so blithe she came,  
Envy me thee, that thou shouldst never look  
Upon my realm, or home in triumph ride ?  
Not such my parting promise touching thee  
Made to thy sire Evander, when he clasped  
And sped me forth to win a mighty realm,  
And, fearful, warned me that right brave the foe,  
Stubborn the race, we strove with. And now he,  
With empty hope fooled utterly, belike  
Is proffering vows, and heaping high with gifts  
The altars ; we, the while, a lifeless corse,  
That owes no more to any god in heaven,  
Escort with sorrow's ineffectual pomp.  
Unhappy, thou that wilt behold thy son  
Slain piteously ! Is this the home-return,  
The expected triumph ? This my solemn pledge ?  
Yet here no recreant, scarred with shameful wounds,  
Shalt see, Evander, nor a son so saved  
That thou, his sire, for dreaded death shalt pray.  
Ah me ! Ausonia, what a tower of help  
Here art thou reft of, and, Iulus, thou ! '

So, having wept his fill, he bids them lift  
The hapless corse, and picks a thousand men  
From his whole host, and sends them to escort  
The farewell pomp, and with the father's tears  
Their own commingle—for so vast a grief  
Scant solace, yet to that sad father due.

Others of arbute-boughs and oaken shoots  
In haste plait hurdle-wise a pliant bier,  
And the heap'd bed with leafy covering shroud.  
High on the rustic litter him they lay ;  
E'en as a flower by maiden's finger culled,  
Or violet mild, or drooping hyacinth,  
Ere yet the lustre or the loveliness  
Hath from its form departed ; mother Earth  
Feeds it no longer, nor with strength supplies.  
Then garments twain, with gold and purple stiff,  
Æneas bare forth, which, raptured of the toil,  
Sidonian Dido erst with her own hands  
Had wrought, and shot the web with subtle gold.  
One of these twain—grief's latest rite—he wraps  
About the dead, and with its covering veils  
The fire-doomed tresses, and heaps high withal  
Full many a prize from the Laurentian fray,  
Bidding the booty in long line be borne.  
Steeds too he adds, and darts, from foemen reft :  
And captives he had bound, hands lashed behind,  
To send as offerings to the Shade, and, slain,  
Dash with their blood the fire. The chiefs themselves  
He bids bear tree-trunks clad with hostile arms,  
And foemen's titles to be fixed thereon.  
Hapless Acœtes, overworn with age,  
Is onward led, now marring with clench'd fists  
His bosom, now with nails his face, and falls  
Forward, and casts his length upon the ground.  
The car too, bathed in Rutule blood, they lead.

Behind, the war-horse Æthon, trappings doffed,  
Goes weeping, and the big drops wet his face.  
Others bear spear and helmet ; for all else  
Turnus, as victor, holds. Then, sad array,  
Follow the Teucrians and Etruscans all,  
And men of Arcady with arms reversed.  
But when the long procession of his friends  
Had wholly passed, Æneas, groaning deep,  
Stopped, and spake further : ‘ Unto other tears  
We by the same grim destinies of war  
Are summoned hence. I bid thee hail ! for aye,  
O mightiest Pallas, and for aye farewell.’  
No more he spake, but to the lofty walls  
Turned him, and campward bent his steps.

And now

From Latium’s town came envoys, olive-wreathed,  
Craving his clemency : the dead, which lay  
Sword-scattered o’er the plain, would he give back,  
And suffer ’neath an earthen mound to pass ;  
With vanquished folk and bodies void of breath  
There is no warring ; let him spare whom once  
He hailed as hosts, and fathers of his bride.  
Æneas, for such a prayer he might not spurn,  
Grants courteously the boon, and adds these words  
Moreover : ‘ Latins, say what hard mishap  
Hath wound you in so vast a web of war  
That thus ye fly our friendship ? Do ye ask  
Peace for the dead, by chance of battle quelled ?  
Fain would I grant it to the living too.

Nor came I, had not fate assigned me here  
A place wherein to settle, nor any war  
Wage I against your folk : it was the king  
Left our alliance, and made choice to lean  
On Turnus' sword for succour. 'Twere more meet  
Had Turnus faced the death ye mourn to-day.  
If with arm'd force he thinks to fight it out,  
And drive the Teucrians forth, beseemed him well  
To meet me man to man, and spear to spear :  
He should have lived whose life was granted him  
Of heaven or his right hand. Now hie ye hence,  
And 'neath your hapless comrades pile the fire.'  
Æneas had spoken. They stood wonder-hushed,  
Eyes fixed and faces in one mutual stare.  
Then, old in years, and still with slanderous spite  
Armed against youthful Turnus, Drances thus  
Makes answer : ' O mighty in fame, in arms  
Yet mightier, Trojan hero, by what praise  
Can I exalt thee to the sky ? Or should  
Thy soul's uprightness, or thy toils in war  
Win first my wonder ? We indeed thy words  
Will to our native town bear blithely back,  
And knit thee fast, so fortune find a way,  
To Latium's king. Let Turnus for himself  
Go seek confederates. Nay, 'twill please us well  
The destined ramparts of thy walls to rear,  
And on our shoulders heave the stones of Troy.'  
He had said ; and all his comrades with one mouth  
Murmured assent. For twice six days a truce

They plighted, and, with peace to interpose,  
Teucrians and Latins o'er the wooded heights  
Roamed without scathe together. The tall ash  
Rings to the two-edged steel ; sky-piercing pines  
They topple o'er, and still with wedges cleave  
Tough heart-of-oak and scented cedar-bole,  
And freight with mountain-ash the groaning wains.

And now was wingèd Fame, the harbinger  
Of woe so vast, filling Evander's ears,  
Evander's home and city—she, who late  
Of Pallas' triumph o'er the Latins told.  
Out-streaming to the gates, Arcadia's sons  
Grasp each a funeral-torch, their ancient wont.  
Bright gleams the road with a long line of fire  
That parts the fields afar. The Phrygian band,  
Moving to meet them, joins the weeping train.  
Soon as the matrons saw them pass the wall,  
With shrieks they set the sorrowing town ablaze.  
As for Evander then—no force avails  
To stay him ; but he thrusts amid the throng,  
And, when the bier was set, on Pallas' form  
Casts him, and clings to it with groans and tears.  
Scarce loosed by sorrow, words at length win way :  
' Not such the pledge thou gavest to thy sire,  
My Pallas, warily to put thy faith  
In the fell god of battles. Well I wist  
How potent was the new-born pride in arms,  
And a first onset's all-entrancing spell.  
Ah ! bitter first-fruit of youth's flower ! and harsh

Prelude of neighbour war ! and vows and prayers  
No god gave ear to ! and thou, holiest wife,  
And happy in thy death, that spared thee not  
To see this sorrow ! But, by living, I  
Have overshot my doom, to linger on  
A son-surviving sire. Troy's friendly arms  
Would I had followed ! would the Rutule darts  
Had overwhelmed me ! So should I have given  
This life of mine, and I, not Pallas here,  
Been thus with funeral-pomp borne homeward ! Yet  
You would I blame not, Teucrians, nor our league  
And right hands clasped in friendship : long ago  
The lot, ye deal me, to mine age was owed.  
But if untimely doom was o'er my son  
Impending, 'twill rejoice me that he smote  
His Volscian thousands, ere himself was slain,  
Leading the Teucrians into Latium. Nay,  
Nor other funeral could I deem thy due,  
Pallas, than good Æneas hath devised,  
And the great Phrygians, and the Tyrrhene lords,  
And all the host Tyrrhenian. Trophies great  
They bring of whom thy right hand did to death ;  
And thou too, Turnus, a huge trunk in arms  
Wert standing now, had age and strength of years  
Been matched between ye. But why, evil-starred,  
Stay I the Teucrians from the onset ? Go,  
Bear heedfully this message to your king :  
'That I, bereft of Pallas, still drag on  
This hated life, thy right hand is the cause,

Which, well thou seest, to son alike and sire  
Owes Turnus. Yea, for fortune and exploit  
No room is left thee else. The joys of life  
I ask not ; 'tis forbid me : but to bear  
My son these tidings to the Shades below.'

Meanwhile the Dawn her kindly light had reared  
For suffering men, renewing task and toil.  
Now Sire Æneas, now Tarchon, have set up  
Their funeral-pyres along the winding shore.  
Hither bare each the bodies of their kin,  
With rite ancestral ; from the murky flames,  
Lit under, the high vault in vaporous gloom  
Is muffled. Thrice about the blazing piles,  
Girt in bright arms, the course they ran, thrice o'er  
Compassed on steeds the mournful fires of death,  
With loud lamentings. Their tears rain on earth,  
And rain on armour. Up to heaven is borne  
Shouting of men, and clarion-blare. Anon  
Others take spoil from slaughtered Latins torn,  
And heap it on the fire—helms, goodly swords,  
Bridles, and glowing wheels ; but others bring  
Gifts to the dead familiar, their own shields  
And luckless weapons. Many a steer around  
To death falls stricken ; and bristly swine and sheep,  
From all the country ravished, they let bleed  
Above the flame. Then over the wide shore  
They watch their comrades burning, and keep ward  
O'er the charred embers, nor can tear them thence,

Till dewy night now turns the face of heaven,  
Studded with glittering stars.

Nor less, the while,  
The hapless Latins, far remote, have reared  
Innumerable pyres : of many slain  
Some in the delvèd earth they lay, some lift  
And carry to the neighbouring fields, or send  
Home to the city : what remains, one vast  
And indistinguishable slaughter-heap,  
They burn untold, unhonoured. Then far and wide  
Flare the void fields, thick-sown with rival fires.  
Thrice dawn had driven chill darkness from the sky,  
When sadly from the pyres they rake and heap  
The ashes up, and undistinguished bones,  
And warm above them pile the mounded earth.  
But now in homes of rich Latinus' town  
Is the chief uproar, and the mightiest share  
Of long-drawn lamentation. Mothers here  
With their sons' brides forlorn, here cherished hearts  
Of sorrowing sisters, boys of sires bereft,  
Curse the fell war and Turnus' bridal troth.  
Him they bid arm, with his own single sword  
Fight out the quarrel, who for himself demands  
The realm of Italy, honours of a prince.  
Fierce Drances fans the fire, bears testimony  
Turnus alone is challenged, he alone  
Called to do battle. Many a voice withal  
In various counter-strain for Turnus pleads ;



The queen's great name o'ershadows him, the praise  
Of many a well-earned triumph is his stay.

Amid this stir and fiery tumult, lo !

From Diomedes's great city, to crown all,  
The envoys bring sad answer : all their toils  
For naught were lavished ; naught have gifts, or gold,  
Or strenuous prayers availed them ; other arms  
Must Latium look to, or with terms of peace  
Approach Troy's monarch. 'Neath that load of woe  
Sinks King Latinus. That Æneas is here,  
Fate-borne at heaven's clear bidding, the gods' wrath  
Warns him, and those new graves before his eyes.  
Therefore a mighty council of his chiefs,  
By royal mandate summoned, he convenes  
Within his lofty portals. They have flocked  
Together, and all along the crowded ways  
Stream toward the palace. In the midst is set,  
Eldest in years, and first in sceptred sway,  
With joyless brow, Latinus. Hereupon  
The envoys from the Ætolian town returned  
He bids declare their tidings, point by point  
Demands full answer. Then on every tongue  
Fell silence, and obedient to his word  
Thus Venulus begins :

'O citizens,

We have seen Diomedes and the Argive camp,  
And overpassed all perils of the way,  
And touched the hand whereby fell Ilium's realm.  
He walled Argyripa was founding, named

From his own nation, in the new-won fields  
Of Iapygian Garganus. So,  
When we had entered, and gat leave to speak,  
Our gifts we proffer, name and race declare,  
Who our invaders, for what cause we come  
To Arpi. Having heard us, he replied  
Thus with unruffled brow : " O happy race  
Of Saturn's realm, Ausonian folk of old,  
What chance disturbs your quiet, and lures you on  
To challenge wars ye know not ? We, whoe'er  
The fields of Ilium outraged with the sword—  
I waive all sufferings 'neath her lofty walls  
In battle drained, the warriors that lie whelmed  
In yonder Simois—have, the wide world through,  
Paid, one and all, the forfeit of our crime  
In untold pangs, a remnant Priam's self  
Might pity. Let Minerva's gloomy star  
Bear witness, and the Eubœan crags, and thou,  
Caphereus the avenger. From that field  
Asunder swept, Menelaus, Atreus' son,  
Far as to Proteus' pillars exiled dwells ;  
Ulysses hath the Ætnean Cyclops seen.  
Why of the realm of Neoptolemus  
Tell, or Idomeneus' uprooted home,  
Or Locrians dwelling on the Libyan shore ?  
Even he, the great Achæans' chief himself,  
Lord of Mycenæ, on the threshold's edge  
Fell by the hand of his accursèd wife ;  
For conquered Asia crouched a paramour.

To think that heaven hath grudged me to return  
Home to my country's altars, and behold  
The wife I long for, and fair Calydon !  
Nay, sight-appalling signs pursue me still,  
And my old comrades, lost to me, as birds  
Now wing the vault, or roam the rivers—ah !  
That such dire torment on my folk should fall !—  
And fill the rocks with lamentable cries.  
Naught else had I to look for from that hour  
When with infatuate weapon I assailed  
Celestial frames, and outraged with a wound  
The hand of Venus. Nay, constrain me not  
To such encounters. With the sons of Troy,  
Since Pergama fell down, no war I wage,  
Nor mind me with delight of ancient ills.  
The gifts ye bring me from your native shores  
Bear rather to Æneas. We have faced  
The rude edge of his weapons, hand to hand  
Have grappled with him : trust me, who have tried,  
How huge he rises to the shield, how swings  
The whirlwind of his spear. Had Ida's land  
Borne twain beside, such heroes, Troy herself  
Had stormed the gates of Inachus, and Greece,  
With doom reversed, were wailing. All the time  
We lingered 'neath the walls of stubborn Troy,  
'Twas Hector and Æneas by whose might  
Checked was Greek victory, and for ten years' space  
Fell backward. Both renowned for valour, both  
Matchless for martial exploit, this man bare

The palm for goodness. Hand to hand with him  
Unite in friendship, by what means ye may,  
But see your weapons shun the shock of his.”  
Thou hast heard the monarch’s answer, gracious Sire,  
And what he counsels for this mighty war.’

Scarce ceased the envoys, ere tumultuously  
From mouth to mouth of the Ausonians ran  
A various hubbub ; as, when rocks impede  
Some rushing river, from the imprisoned flood  
A dull roar rises, and the neighbour-banks  
Chafe loud with plashing waters. Soon as hearts  
Beat calm again, and busy tongues were still,  
First calling upon heaven, from his high throne  
The King brake silence : ‘ Well could I have wished,  
Latins, and better had it been, ere now  
To have determined of our kingdom’s weal,  
Nor at such hour to bid you to debate,  
While foemen sit before the walls. A war  
Disastrous wage we, O my countrymen,  
With the gods’ offspring and a hero-race  
Invincible, who tire not of the fight,  
No, nor when vanquished can let go the sword.  
Hope in Ætolia’s confederate arms,  
If aught ye had, resign it. His own hope  
Is every man ; but this how frail ye see.  
All else, in what wide ruin overthrown,  
Needs but the witness of your eyes and hands.  
Nor blame I any ; what utmost valour could,

We have compassed, with the realm's whole strength  
have striven.

Now mark ; the upshot of my wavering thoughts  
I will unfold, and—give me your good heed—  
Teach briefly. Bordering on the Tuscan stream  
An ancient tract have I, stretched westward far  
Past the Sicanian borders : tilled it is  
By Rutules and Auruncans, who with plough  
Task the stiff hills, and on the roughest slopes  
Graze cattle. Let all this region, with its belt  
Of lofty pine-clad highland, be made o'er  
To Teucrian friendship ; and just terms of peace  
Name we, and summon them to share our realm.  
Here let them settle, if this be their desire,  
And build them ramparts. But, if other bounds,  
Another folk than ours, they list to win,  
Are free to quit our borders—twice ten ships  
Of oak Italian frame we, ay, or more,  
If they can man them ; by the water's edge  
Lies wood enow ; their number and their size  
Themselves shall teach us ; be it ours to give  
Brass, hands, and shipmen's tackle. Furthermore,  
For word hereof, and warrant of our league,  
I will, a hundred Latins, noblest-born,  
Make embassy, and proffer boughs of peace,  
And bear them presents—talent-weights of gold  
And ivory, and a chair and robe of state,  
Our royal emblems. Freely before all  
Give counsel, and uphold the weary weal.'

Then Drances, foe inveterate, whom the fame  
Of Turnus aye with sidelong envy stirred  
And stung to bitterness, lavish of wealth,  
Tongue-valiant, but a frosty hand for war,  
At council-board no vain adviser held,  
In faction strong—his mother's proud descent  
Ennobling whom an obscure sire begat—  
Drances now rises, and with words like these  
Heightens and heaps their wrath :

‘Obscure to none

Nor needing voice of ours, O gracious sire,  
The theme that thou debatest. One and all  
Whereto the State's weal tendeth own they know,  
Yet dare but mutter. Let him now concede  
Untrammelled speech, and his blown pride abate,  
Through whose disastrous leading, froward mien—  
Ay, I will speak it, though with arms and death  
He menace me—so many stars of war  
Have we seen set, and the whole city plunged  
In mourning, while the Trojan camp he braves,  
Counting on flight, and scares the heaven with arms.  
Yet one to all those gifts thou badest send  
Or promise to the Dardans—add but one,  
Thrice gracious king, and let no blusterer's wrath  
O'ersway thee, not to give thy daughter, Sire,  
In meet espousal to a peerless son,  
And on this treaty set a lasting seal.  
But if such terror hold us, heart and mind,  
Himself conjure we, sue his grace to yield,

And their inalienable right resign  
To king and country. Why these hapless folk  
Into the jaws of peril hurl so oft,  
O fount and well-spring of our Latium's ills ?  
No safety is in war : 'tis peace we all  
Crave of thee, Turnus, and, with peace, her one  
Inviolable pledge. I first, whom thou  
Feign'st for thy foe, nor reck I so to be,  
Sue suppliant-wise. Have pity of thine own ;  
Abate thy pride, and, vanquished, quit the field.  
Enough of routs and slaughters have we seen,  
Vast tracts have left to desolation. Else,  
If glory stir thee, if such hardihood  
Thou nurse within thy breast, so hug to heart  
A palace for thy bridal dower, be bold,  
And launch thee fearless on the opposing foe.  
Must we, that Turnus to his arms may take  
A royal bride, as paltry lives forsooth,  
A herd unwept, unburied, strew the plain ?  
Thou too, if there be in thee aught of force,  
Aught of the war-god of thy sires, confront  
And face thy challenger.'

As thus he spake  
Out blazed the fury of Turnus ; loud he groaned,  
And from his bosom's depth these words broke way :  
' Lavish, I wot, is aye thy wealth of tongue,  
Drances, when war demandeth hands, and when  
The sires are summoned, there the first art thou.  
Nathless naught need we fill our court with words,

Which, big albeit, fly from thee safe enow,  
While the wall-rampart keeps the foe at bay,  
Nor blood yet drowns the trenches. Ay, let peal  
The wordy thunder ; 'tis thy wont of old ;  
And charge me, Drances, thou, with cowardice,  
Seeing that thy hand hath reared such slaughter-  
heaps

Of Teucrians, and set all the fields ablaze  
With trophies. What the pulse of valour can,  
Yet may'st thou prove : nor far methinks to seek,  
But round our very ramparts swarm the foe.  
We march to meet them : wherefore hold'st aback ?  
Or will the war-god ever make his home  
But in that windy tongue, those flying feet ?  
What, vanquished ? I ? Will any, thou foul liar,  
Flout me as vanquished justly, who beholds  
Tiber still swelling o'er with Ilian blood,  
Evander's whole house by the roots laid low,  
And his Arcadians stripped of arms ? Not such  
Did Bitias prove me, and huge Pandarus,  
Nor whom, a thousand in a single day,  
My victor-arm to nether Tartarus hurled,  
Penned and shut fast within the focman's wall.  
" No safety in war ? " Such brainless bodings keep  
For thine own fortune, and the Dardan's head.  
Ay, cease not with gross panic to overwhelm all  
In wide confusion, laud to heaven the might  
Of a twice-conquered nation, and decry  
Latinus' arms beside it. Now, forsooth,



The Myrmidonian lords and Tydeus' son  
Tremble before the Phrygian host, now, too,  
Achilles of Larissa ; and Aufidus  
From Hadria's wave flees backward. Or, again,  
When feigns the schemer's villany to cower  
Before my chiding, and with terror whets  
The sting of calumny ! Nay, such a life  
(Cease to be troubled) by this hand of mine  
Ne'er shalt thou forfeit ; let it with thee dwell,  
Of that thy breast fit denizen. Now, Sire,  
To thee and thy great counsels I return.  
If in our arms thou rest no further hope,  
If we so friendless are, and, routed once,  
Are utterly o'erthrown, and fortune foiled  
Hath no retrieval, pray we then for peace,  
And reach out helpless hands. But ah ! if aught  
Were ours of wonted valour, him would I  
Deem before all men of his travail blest,  
Peerless of soul, who, such a sight to shun,  
Fell once for all, and bit the dust, in death.  
But if means yet be ours, a host for war  
Unminished, and Italia's towns and tribes  
Remain to aid us ; if with outpoured blood  
Troy bought her triumph—for their own dead have  
they,  
And the like tempest swept o'er all—why thus  
Inglorious faint we on the threshold's edge ?  
Why quake our limbs before the trumpet-call ?  
Time, and the shifting toil of changeful days,

Hath many a lot repaired ; and many a man  
Wave after wave of fortune hath by turns  
Played with, and planted on firm ground again.  
The Ætolian, Arpi, will not succour us :  
Yet will Messapus, and Tolumnius blest,  
And all those chiefs by many a nation sent ;  
Nor will scant fame attend the chosen flower  
Of Latium and Laurentum's land. Ours, too,  
Camilla, from the Volscians' peerless stem,  
Heading her horse-troop, squadrons bright with brass.  
But if the Teucrian lords bid me alone  
Do battle, and ye would have it so, and I  
Stand here the hinderer of your common good,  
Why, Victory hath not from these hands of mine  
Shrunk with such loathing, that for hope so high  
I should draw back from any bold essay.  
Dauntless will I confront him, though he match  
E'en great Achilles, and don arms like his,  
Wrought by the hand of Vulcan. Lo ! to you  
And my bride's sire, Latinus, I devote  
My life—I, Turnus, of the brave of old  
Second to none in valour. Me alone  
Æneas summons ? Let him, I implore,  
Nor Drances rather, if heaven's wrath be here,  
With his life pay the forfeit, nor, if here  
Prowess and honour, bear the palm away !'

So of dark issues held they hot debate :  
Æneas meanwhile moved on from camp to field.  
Lo ! one with tidings, amid uproar wild,

Speeds through the palace, and with mighty dread  
Fills all the city, that for battle dight  
Teucrian and Tyrrhene host are marching down  
From Tiber's river o'er all the plain. At once  
Confusion and heart-shaking seize the crowd,  
And wrath, roused in them with no gentle stings.  
With quivering hands they clutch at arms ; for arms  
Clamour their youth ; the sires to weeping fall  
And mournful mutterings. Now from every side  
Rises to heaven a loud discordant din ;  
E'en as in some tall grove when flocks of birds  
Have settled, or on Padusa's fishy stream  
Swans hoarsely cry athwart the clamorous pools.  
' Ay, crowd to council, citizens,' Turnus cries,  
Seizing the moment, ' and sit praising peace,  
While they rush armed on empire.' No word more  
He uttered, but, up-starting, swiftly flung  
From out the lofty hall. ' Thou, Volusus,  
Bid arm the Volscian cohorts,' he exclaimed,  
' And lead the Rutules on. Messapus, thou,  
And Coras with thy brother, array the horse,  
And o'er the wide plain spread them. Some secure  
Each access to the town, and man the towers ;  
The rest, where I shall bid, fall on with me.'  
At once a wild rush to the wall begins  
From every quarter. Sire Latinus too  
Quits council, and breaks off his high designs,  
By the dark hour dismayed ; and oft his heart  
Upbraids him that he freely welcomed not

Dardan Æneas to the adopted rank  
Of citizen and son. Before the gates  
Others dig trenches, or heave stakes and stones  
On shoulder. The hoarse clarion for the fray  
Gives bloody signal. Then in motley ring  
Boys, see, and matrons gird the ramparts ; all  
To one last effort summoned. Furthermore,  
Up to the temple that crowns Pallas' height,  
Thronged with a company of dames, the queen  
Rides onward, bringing gifts, and at her side  
The maid Lavinia, source of all that woe,  
Her comely eyes cast earthward. Entering in,  
The matrons fill the holy place with smoke  
Of incense, and send forth a mournful cry  
From the high portal : ' O mighty in arms,  
And mistress of the sword, Tritonian maid,  
Break with thy might the Phrygian robber's spear,  
Himself cast prone on earth, and spurn him low  
Beneath our lofty gates.' Turnus, the while,  
With emulous fury arms him for the fray.  
E'en now, the ruddy breastplate donned, he stood  
Bristling with brazen scales ; his legs he had sheathed  
In golden cuishes, and, bare-browed as yet,  
But battle-blade on thigh, all golden shone,  
As down he hies him from the fortress-height  
Exulting, and in hope forestalls the foe.  
As with snapped tether free at length, a horse  
Breaks stall, and, launched upon the open plain,  
Or seeks the herds and pastures of the mares,

Or, wont to plunge him in the well-known stream,  
Darts forth, and, rearing his proud crest on high,  
Neighs for mere wantonness ; the tossing mane  
Plays over neck and shoulder. Him to meet,  
Backed by her Volscian host, Camilla sped,  
And hard beside the gateway leapt from horse,  
Queen as she was, whom following, all the band  
Glide from their steeds to earth. Then thus she  
spake :

‘ Turnus, if aught self-trust beseem the brave,  
I dare and pledge me face the Trojan troop,  
And sole against the Tyrrhene horsemen ride.  
Let me first prove the perils of the fray :  
Tarry thou here on foot beside the wall,  
And guard the ramparts.’ Whereunto replied  
Turnus, his eyes on the dread maiden fixed,  
‘ O maiden, glory of Italy, what thanks  
Can I or hope to utter or repay ?  
But since thy spirit doth all price out-soar,  
Share now the task with me. Æneas, ’tis said—  
And scouts sent forth confirm the tale—hath pushed  
Forward, relentless still, his light-armed horse,  
To scour the plain ; himself, mounting the ridge,  
Draws cityward by the lonely mountain-heights.  
In the wood’s hollow track a sleight of war  
I purpose—to beset with armed men  
The thoroughfare of the mountain gorge. Do thou  
Meet and do battle with the Etruscan horse ;  
Valiant Messapus at thy side will be,

With Latium's squadron and Tiburtus' band ;  
Take thou too on thyself a leader's sway.'  
So saying, Messapus and the federate chiefs  
Cheered with like words to battle, he moves to meet  
The foe. There is a vale that curves and bends,  
Well framed for stratagems and wiles of war,  
Hemmed in on either side by wooded walls  
Impenetrably dark. Hereinto leads  
A narrow footpath, and a strait ravine  
Churlish of access. Over it there lies  
High on the watch-towers of the mountain-top  
A broad expanse unlooked for, safe retreat  
To charge from right and left-ward, or take stand  
Upon the ridge, and roll down mighty rocks.  
Hither the warrior, thridding well-known ways,  
Hies him, has seized the spot, and sat him down  
Within the treacherous forest.

But meanwhile

Latona's daughter in the halls of heaven  
Addressed fleet Opis, of the sacred band  
Of maids that be her fellows, and poured forth  
These sorrowing words : ' Lo ! to the cruel war  
Goes forth Camilla, maiden, and in vain  
Girds on these arms of ours, though dear to me  
Beyond all others. Nor soothly is the love  
Thou knowest new-born to Dian, nor her heart  
Touched with a sudden charm. When Metabus,  
Now driven through hate of his tyrannic sway  
Forth from his realm, Privernum's ancient hold

Was leaving, through the battle's press he bore  
His babe in flight, to share his banishment,  
And named her from her mother, in altered wise,  
Camilla for Casmilla. To the long  
Lone forest-heights he sped, still carrying her  
Before him on his bosom. From all sides  
Fierce darts beset him, and in circling swarms  
Hovered the Volscian soldiery, when lo!  
Athwart his flight full Amasenus' flood  
Foamed with o'er-brimming banks; so wild a storm  
Had burst the clouds of heaven. Here, fain to swim,  
Love for the babe withholds him, and he quakes  
For his dear burden. Pondering every way,  
Hardly at last this swift resolve took root:  
A huge spear, which the warrior's stalwart hand  
Bare, of hard-knotted and fire seasoned oak—  
To this he lashed his daughter, swathed in bark  
Of the wild cork, and midmost of the shaft  
Bound her for throwing, and then, with mighty hand  
Poising it, cried to heaven: "O gracious Maid,  
Child of Latona, hauntress of the grove,  
I vow this babe thy servant, I her sire;  
Thy weapon first she grasps, and from her foe  
Flies through the air, thy suppliant. For thine own,  
Goddess, receive her, I implore, who now  
Is to the random breezes given." He spake,  
Drew back his arm, and strongly wheeled the spear,  
And threw it: the waves roared; over the swift  
stream

Flies poor Camilla on the hurtling dart.  
But Metabus, by a mighty band the while  
Pressed closelier, plunges, and in triumph plucks  
His gift to Trivia from the grassy bank,  
Javelin and maid together. Him thenceforth  
Nor homes of men, nor city-walls received ;  
Nor had his wild heart brooked it, but he led  
A life of shepherds on the lonely hills.  
Here in the brakes, amid rough forest-dens,  
Reared he his daughter upon wild mare's milk,  
Squeezing the teats into her tender lips.  
Soon as the baby-feet their earliest steps  
Had planted, with sharp javelin's weight he armed  
Her hands, and from the tiny shoulder hung  
Shafts and a bow. For gold to deck her hair,  
And for long-trailing robe, a tiger's spoils  
Hung from her head adown the back. E'en then  
With tender hand she launched her puny darts,  
And, whirling round her head the smooth-thonged  
sling,  
Struck crane Strymonian, or white swan, to earth.  
Her many a mother through the Tyrrhene towns  
Sought for their sons, but vainly. Well content  
To mate alone with Dian, she cherishes  
A lifelong passion for the hunter's darts  
And maidenhood unsullied. Would she had ne'er,  
Caught up by such a wave of war, essayed  
To brave in fight the Teucrians ! so were she  
Still dear, and of my maiden band to-day.



But come, since harsh fate dogs her hard at heel,  
Glide, nymph, from heaven, and Latium's borders  
seek,

Where now begins the dark ill-omened fray,  
Take these, and pluck from quiver a vengeful shaft.  
Herewith, whoe'er with wound her sacred flesh—  
Or Trojan or Italian—shall profane,  
Let him like quittance pay me blood for blood.  
Thereafter I in hollow cloud will bear  
Her hapless corse for burial, and, of arms  
All undespoiled, to her own land restore.'  
She spake, but the other down the light air sped  
Hurtling, her form in a black whirlwind swathed.

Meanwhile the Trojan host draw nigh the walls,  
The Etruscan chiefs and all their horse-array,  
Told into ordered troops. The war-steed neighs,  
Paws the wide plain, and with the tight-drawn curb  
Fights, as he faces to this side and that :  
Then bristles the wide plain with iron spears,  
And the field blazes with their brandished blades.  
Nor less Messapus, Latium's swift-foot sons,  
And Coras with his brother, and the light troop  
Of maid Camilla, show forth upon the plain,  
Confronting them ; with back-drawn hands afar  
They couch the spear, or shake the quivering lance ;  
And fiery-fierce now grows the tramp of men,  
Neighing of steeds. By this had either host  
Paused within spear-cast : then, with sudden shout,  
Forward they burst, cheer on their maddened steeds,

And all together, from all sides, pour forth  
Darts thick as snowflakes, that obscure the sky.  
At once Tyrrhenus and Aconteus keen  
Rush each on each with spears that meet amain,  
And first deal thunderous downfall, either steed  
Shock-shattered with the brunt of breast to breast.  
Aconteus, like a levin-bolt flung forth,  
Or ponderous engine-stone, is hurled afar  
Headlong, and scatters to the winds his life.  
Straight all is disarray ; the Latins turn,  
Set shield to back, and for the ramparts ride.  
Troy gives them chase ; Asilas leads the van.  
And now the gates they near, when once again  
The Latins lift the war-shout, and wheel round  
Their chargers' supple necks. The victors fly,  
And with loose bridle gallop fast and far.  
As when, with alternating ebb and flow,  
The advancing sea now rushes to the beach,  
Flings o'er the crags in torrent foam, and bathes  
With drenching bosom all the sandy bourn,  
Now, with swift ebb, retreats, and sucking back  
The shingle, leaves the shore with gliding shoal.  
Twice o'er the Tuscans to their ramparts drive  
The Rutules headlong, and twice o'er look back  
Routed, and sling behind their covering shields.  
But when, for the third onset charging home,  
Army gripped army, and man singled man,  
Then were there dying groans, and deep in blood  
Roll arms and bodies and death-wounded steeds,

Mingled with slaughtered men ; the fight swells fierce.  
Orsilochns at the steed of Remulus—  
Himself he feared to face—a javelin hurled,  
And left the steel beneath its ear, whereat  
The stricken brute rears furiously, and flings  
In air his fore-legs, with uplifted breast,  
Sustaining not the wound. Tumbled to earth,  
His rider rolled. Catillus hurls from horse  
Iollas, and, of giant heart to match  
His giant arms and frame, Herminius :  
Bare-headed he with tawny locks, bare too  
His shoulders ; nor wounds daunt him, such a front  
He offers to all weapons. The spear sped,  
And, quivering through the mighty shoulder-joints,  
Pinned, and bowed double all his bulk with pain.  
Dark blood flows wide, as with the sword they slay,  
Fighting, or seek through wounds a glorious death.

But midst the slaughter, like an Amazon,  
One breast for battle bared, and quiver-girt,  
Rages Camilla, and now thick and fast  
Showers from her hand tough javelins, and now grips  
The doughty war-axe with unwearying grasp,  
While from her shoulder clangs the golden bow,  
The arms of Dian. Nay, if forced to fly,  
And backward beaten, with bow turned she aims  
Retreating arrows. Round about her throng  
The comrades of her choice, Larina, maid,  
And Tulla, and Tarpeia brandishing  
An axe of bronze, Italia's daughters ; whom

Godlike Camilla for her own glory chose,  
And as good helpers both in peace and war.  
Like Thracian Amazons, when Thermodon's flood  
Shakes to their tramp, as in gay arms they ride  
To battle, or round Hippolytë, or when  
Penthesilea, child of Mars, from war  
Comes charioted, and all the woman-host  
With loud tumultuous shouting madly prance,  
Armed with their moony shields. Whom first, whom  
last,

Fierce maiden, didst thou dash to earth? What tale  
Of warrior-forms stretch dying in the dust?  
Eunëus first, from Clytius sprung, whose breast,  
Confronting and left bare, she pierces through  
With her long pine-shaft. Vomiting forth streams  
Of blood, he falls, and bites the gory dust,  
And, dying, writhes upon his wound; anon  
Liris, and o'er him Pegasus, of whom  
One thrown in act to gather up the reins,  
His steed stabbed under him, one hurrying up  
With unarmed hand to aid him as he falls,  
Meet headlong death together. Then to these  
She adds Amastrus, son of Hippotas,  
And, leaning forward, plies with spear from far  
Tereus, Harpalycus, Demophoön,  
And Chromis; yea, for every shaft that sped,  
Hurled from the maiden's hand, some Phrygian fell.  
In uncouth arms on Iapygian steed,  
Afar rides hunter Ornytus; a hide

Stripped from a bullock swathes his shoulders broad,  
Turned warrior now ; a wolf's huge-gaping mouth  
For head-gear—jaws and flashing teeth ; his hands  
Armed with rude hunting-blade : so through the ranks  
He moves, and by a whole head tops them all.  
Him now she caught—amid the battle's rout  
Light task enow—and speared, and over him  
Cried in fierce scorn : ' O Tuscan, didst thou deem  
'Twas forest-game thou huntedst ? Lo ! the day  
Is come that shall your people's vaunts refute  
With woman's darts. Yet to thy father's shades  
No mean renown goes with thee, to have fallen  
Slain by Camilla's spear. Orsilochus  
And Butës next, in bulk Troy's mightiest twain :  
But Butës from behind she stabbed, where gleamed  
The neck 'twixt helm and hauberk, as he rode,  
And the light shield from his left shoulder hung :  
Orsilochus she flies, and, heading off  
In a wide sweep, wheels inward, and so foils,  
Pursuing the pursuer. Then at length  
Up-towering higher, through basnet and through bone  
With strokes redoubled the strong axe she drives  
For all his prayers and pleading ; the warm brain  
Drenches his face from out the wound. Here happed  
Upon her path, and at the sudden sight  
Hung terrified aback, the warrior-son  
Of Aunus, dweller upon Apennine,  
Not meanest of Ligurians, while the Fates  
Allowed his lies. He, seeing no flight would serve

To 'scape the fray, nor turn aside the queen  
Now hard upon him, with subtle craft and wile  
Essaying to ply trickery, thus begins :  
' What glory is it, woman as thou art,  
To trust in a steed's strength ? Give o'er escape,  
Dare close with me on equal ground, and come  
Gird thee to fight on foot ; full soon shalt know  
To whom vain boasting bringeth bane.' He spake ;  
She, stung to fury, and with the bitter smart  
Burning, her charger to a comrade gave,  
And in like arms stood fronting him on foot,  
With bare blade dauntless, and unblazoned shield.  
But, deeming guile had won, away darts he,  
Turns bridle in hot haste, rides off, and goads  
His galloper to full speed with armèd heel.  
' Thou false Ligurian, puffed with empty pride,  
Thy slippery native tricks hast played in vain ;  
Ay, nor shall treachery win thee scathless way  
To juggler Aunus.' Thus the maiden cries,  
And swift as fire, with lightning steps, afoot  
Passes the steed, confronts him, grasps the rein,  
Grapples, and wreaks red vengeance on the foe :  
Lightly as when a hawk, that bodeful bird,  
Winging from some tall crag, o'ertakes a dove  
High in the cloud, and, clutch'd within his gripe,  
Mangles her body with hook'd feet, the while  
Blood and rent feathers flutter from the sky.

But with no eyeless watch the Sire of men  
And gods hereon from high Olympus' top

Sat gazing. To the ruthless fight he goads  
Tyrrhenian Tarchon, with no gentle stings  
Pricks him to fury. So, 'mid weltering heaps,  
Ranks wavering, rides he, with this cry or that  
Kindles the troops, and, calling each by name,  
Rallies the runaways to fight. 'What fear,  
O never to be shamed, O laggards still !  
What coward sloth hath seized your Tuscan hearts ?  
Routs and makes rabble of such ranks as these  
A woman ? Say why then wield we sword, or grasp  
These idle darts ? To love naught slack are ye  
And nightly bouts, or, when the wry-necked fife  
Of Bacchus hath the dance proclaimed, to look  
For revel and wine-cup on the loaded board —  
Your joy, your passion this—till favouring seer  
Announce the sacred feast, and victim fat  
To the tall groves invite you.' Thus he spake,  
And, courting his own death, amid the press  
Spurs, and at Venulus like a whirlwind drives,  
Hales him from horse, and in a foeman's grip  
Clasped to his breast bears off at furious speed.  
A shout goes up to heaven ; all Latin eyes  
Upon them turn. Like fire along the plain,  
Bearing both man and armour, Tarchon flies,  
Then from the foe's spear snapping off the head,  
Gropes for a vulnerable point, to deal  
A death-blow. The other from his throat, the while,  
Struggling, wards off the wound, force baffling force :  
As when a golden eagle, soaring high,

Swoops and bears off a serpent in his clutch,  
Foot-fastened in its folds, with claws that cling ;  
But the maimed snake writhes tortuous, coil on coil,  
Pricks scales erect, and hisses with its mouth,  
High-towering : none the less with hookèd beak  
He plies his struggling victim, all the while  
Scourging the air with pinion-strokes : e'en so  
Tarchon from Tibur's battle-ranks bears off  
His prize in triumph. Mæonia's sons rush on  
Following their chief's example and success.  
Then Arruns, ripe for doom, wheels, dart in hand,  
Round swift Camilla, and, with many a wile  
Preventing, tries what chance may best bestead.  
Where'er the maid spurs furious 'mid the ranks,  
There up comes Arruns, silent scours her track—  
Where'er triumphant from the foe retires,  
Thither turns he his swift and furtive rein.  
Now this approach, now that, he traverses,  
Circling on all sides, and relentless shakes  
His deadly javelin. Chloreus, as it chanced,  
Sacred to Cybelë, and erewhile her priest,  
In Phrygian arms shone glorious from afar,  
Urging his foamy steed, its saddle-cloth  
A fell with brass scales feathered, clasped with gold.  
In foreign purple darkly dight he rode,  
Launching Gortynian shafts from Lycian bow ;  
Gold hung the bow from shoulder, gold the casque  
On the diviner's head ; a saffron scarf  
Rustling with gauzy waves he had bound up



Into a knot with tawny gold, and wore  
Needle-wrought tunic and barbaric hose.  
Him now the maid, or fain to fix on shrine  
Arms Trojan, or to flaunt in captive gold,  
From all the mêlée singling, huntress-like,  
Chased blindly, and through the ranks, all reckless  
burned

With woman's love of booty and of spoil ;  
When Arruns from his ambush seized at last  
The moment, and let speed his javelin, thus  
Imploring heaven : ' Apollo, chief of gods,  
And guardian of Soractë's sacred height,  
Whom we of all men honour, for whom is fed  
The glow of heaped pine, while 'midst the fire  
Thy votaries we, by holy zeal up-borne,  
In the live embers deep our footprints press,  
Grant, Sire, that this foul shame, for thou canst all,  
Be by my darts abolished. I desire  
Nor arms, nor trophies of the maid's defeat,  
Nor any spoil ; what else my hand has wrought  
Shall win me glory : let but this dread pest  
Fall 'neath my weapon, I will get me back  
Inglorious to the cities of my sires.'  
Apollo heard, and inwardly vouchsafed  
Half the fulfilment of his prayer, but half  
To the fleet winds he scattered. To lay low  
Camilla with swift stroke of death—thus far  
Yields he his asking ; that his stately home  
Should see him back return, he granted not ;

The wild winds changed his utterance into air.  
So, when the spear sped hurtling, launched through  
    heaven,  
The Volscians all, their eager thoughts and eyes  
Turned toward the queen. She only nor of breeze  
Nor hurtling sound, nor sky-borne weapon, weened ;  
Till, buried in her protruding breast, the spear  
Clave, deeply driven, and drank her maiden blood.  
Her scared troop hurry round her, and sustain  
Their sinking mistress. Fearful beyond all  
Flies Arruns, terror mingling with his joy ;  
Nor longer dares he on his lance rely,  
Nor face the maidens' weapons. And as the wolf,  
Ere hostile darts can follow, plunges straight  
By pathless ways into the mountain heights,  
If shepherd he hath slain, or mighty bull,  
And, ware of his bold deed, with slackened tail  
Clapped quivering 'neath his belly, seeks the woods ;  
So Arruns whirled madly from men's eyes, and  
    plunged,  
Content with flight, amid the warrior throng.  
She plucks the dart with dying hand ; but deep  
Betwixt the rib-bones sticks the embedded steel.  
Bloodless she droops ; droop too her death-chilled  
    eyes ;  
The once bright colour from her face has ebb'd.  
Then thus with failing breath to Acca, one  
Of her companions, spake she, who alone  
Of all Camilla's maiden-band had been

Friend of her bosom, and partner of her cares :  
‘ Acca, my sister,’ in such wise she spake,  
‘ I can no more ; e’en now the bitter wound  
Quells me, and all around grows dim and dark.  
Fly, bear to Turnus this my latest word :  
Bid him bear up the battle, and ward off  
The Trojans from the wall. And now—farewell.’  
So saying, she dropped the reins, all helplessly  
Gliding to earth. Then, cold and colder grown,  
Slowly she slipped the body’s bonds, let fall  
The neck now nerveless, and death-ravished head,  
Dropping her war-gear ; and the spirit passed  
Moaning indignant to the Shades below.  
Then boundless uproar surging heavenward strikes  
The golden stars ; around Camilla fall’n  
The fight grows bloodier ; in one dense array  
On rush the Teucrian host, the Tyrrhene chiefs,  
And, flanking all, Evander’s Arcad horse.

But Opis, Trivia’s sentinel, long since,  
Throned on the mountain-height, sits undismayed  
Watching the conflict. When amid the din  
Of raging warriors far away she spied  
Camilla by death’s bitter doom fordone,  
She groaned, and thus with heart-drawn utterance  
spake :

‘ Dearly, too dearly, maid, hast thou atoned  
Thine arm’d defiance of the sons of Troy,  
Nor aught availed thee in green solitudes  
To have served Dian, or on shoulder borne

The quiver of our craft. Yet hath thy queen  
Not left thee, e'en in death's extremity,  
Bare of all honour, nor shall this thine end  
Be noised not through the world, nor thou endure  
An unavengèd name. For whosoe'er  
With desecrating wound hath pierced thy flesh,  
The well-earned forfeit with his life shall pay.'  
'Neath a tall mountain stood the giant tomb  
Of King Dercennus, the Laurentine old,  
Of mounded earth, and roofed with ilex dark :  
Here, first the lovely goddess with swift spring  
Plants her, and from the lofty rising-ground  
Spies Arruns. When in flashing armour bright  
She marked him vainly swelling, ' Why,' she cries,  
' Swerv'st thou aside? Turn hither, and draw nigh  
To meet thy doom, and for Camilla take  
Due guerdon. Must thou too by Dian's darts  
Perish ? ' She spake, and, like a Thracian maid,  
Forth from gilt quiver plucked a wingèd shaft,  
Stretched it on bow to strike him, and drew far,  
Until, the bent tips meeting, and both hands  
Now level, with her left the point she touched,  
Her bosom with the bow-string in her right.  
Forthwith the shaft's hiss and the hurtling air  
Heard Arruns, and the selfsame moment felt  
The barb within his body. Him, gasping out  
Life's latest groan, his comrades leave to lie  
Forgotten in the plain's unnoted dust ;  
Opis to high Olympus wings her way.

First flies, of queen bereft, Camilla's troop  
Of light-arm'd horse ; the Rutules break and fly ;  
Flies keen Atinas ; captains scattered far  
And cohorts leaderless for shelter make,  
And, backward turning, for the ramparts ride.  
Nor any can with darts sustain the rush  
Of the death-dealing Teucrians, or make stand  
Against them ; but their unstrung bows they cast  
On fainting shoulders, and the four-foot tramp  
Of galloping horse-hooves shakes the crumbling  
plain.

Rolls toward the ramparts a black storm of dust,  
And on the watch-towers mothers beat their breasts,  
And raise a woman's wail aloft to heaven.  
Who through the open gates dash first, on these  
The foe press madly, mingling with the rout ;  
Nor 'scape they piteous slaughter, but thrust through  
E'en on the threshold, with their native walls  
And sheltering homes around, gasp out their lives.  
Some close the gates, and dare not to their friends  
Open, or let them pass, for all their prayers,  
Within the ramparts ; and anon begins  
Most piteous carnage, as these guard with swords  
The portal, those upon the sword-points rush.  
Shut out before their weeping parents' eyes,  
Into the trenches some are headlong hurled  
By the wild rout ; some, spurring at full speed,  
With battering force tilt blindly at the gates  
And their stout barriers. At the conflict's height

The very mothers from the walls—true love  
Of country points them—as their eyes beheld  
Camilla, shower down darts with trembling hand ;  
With stout oak-truncheons and fire-hardened stakes  
Hotly they strive to ape the strength of steel,  
And foremost for their ramparts burn to die.

Meanwhile amid the wood fills Turnus' ear  
The terrible tale, and fraught with dire amaze  
Comes Acca's word ; the Volscian ranks are quelled,  
Camilla fallen ; the foe rush fiercely on,  
And with triumphant arms have swept the field ;  
Now to the ramparts spreads the panic. He,  
Raging—so rules it Jove's relentless will—  
Quits his hill-ambush, the rough wood forsakes.  
Scarce had he passed from sight, and gained the  
plain,

Ere Sire Æneas enters the void glen,  
And tops the ridge, and quits the forest-gloom.  
So swiftly both with all their war-array  
March town-ward, nor far parted each from each ;  
And lo ! Æneas the selfsame moment saw  
Far off upon the plain, a-smoke with dust,  
Laurentum's host ; and Turnus therewithal  
Knew fell Æneas armed for fight, and heard  
The approach of tramping feet and neighing steeds.  
And straight in shock of battle would they clash,  
But ruddy Phoebus in the Iberian flood  
Now dips his tir'd team, and with ebbing day  
Bids night return. Before the city-walls  
They bivouac, and entrench the ramparts round.

## BOOK XII

## ÆNEID XII

WHEN Turnus saw the Latins had waxed faint,  
Crushed by the war's reverse, his promise now  
Claimed for fulfilment, all eyes turned on him,  
With wrath implacable he burns, and soars  
To heights of courage. Lo ! as on Punic plains  
A lion, his breast by hunters wounded sore,  
At last to battle stirs him, with fierce joy  
Shakes from his neck the shaggy mane, and snaps  
The robber's rooted weapon, undismayed,  
Roaring with blood-stained mouth ; not otherwise  
Once fired, the rage of Turnus swells apace :  
Then thus the king accosts he, and begins  
With blustering speech : ' In Turnus is no stop ;  
Yon dastards of Æneas have no plea  
Their bond to cancel, or their vows recant :  
I go to meet him. Bring the holy rites,  
Sire, and rehearse the treaty. Or shall I  
To Tartarus hurl this Dardan runagate  
From Asia—let the Latins sit and see—  
With my sole arm our common shame rebut ;

Or let him hold us as his thralls of war,  
And take to bride Lavinia.'

With calm breast  
Answered Latinus : ' Peerless-hearted youth,  
The loftier mounts thy valour, the more meet  
That I stint naught of counsel, weigh with fear  
All issues. Thine is thy sire Daunus' realm,  
And many a war-won city ; nor lack I  
Latinus gold or the goodwill to give.  
In Latium's and Laurentum's realm are yet  
Maids, nor of race to shame thee. Let me strip  
The ungentle utterance bare of all disguise ;  
And thou in soul absorb it : unto none,  
Who heretofore came wooing, might I wed  
My daughter ; so sang gods alike and men.  
Won o'er by love of thee, won o'er by claim  
Of kinship, and my sorrowing consort's tears,  
I brake all fetters, plucked from her true lord  
The plighted bride, and flew to impious arms.  
Thenceforth what perils, what wars pursue me still,  
Turnus, thou seest, yea, and what mighty toils  
Thyself art first to suffer. On stricken field  
Twice conquered, scarce within our walls we guard  
The hopes of Italy ; Tiber-waves are yet  
Warm with our blood, the wide plain white with  
bones.

Why drift I back so oft ? What madness turns  
My purpose ? If, the light of Turnus quenched,  
I stand prepared to welcome them as friends,



Why rather, while he lives, not stay the strife?  
What will thy Rutule kinsmen say, what all  
In Italy beside them, if to death—  
Fortune refute the word—I thee betray,  
Seeking our daughter and alliance? Mark  
War's shifting chances; pity thine old sire,  
Whom now his native Ardea far aloof  
Holds sorrowing.' With such words he bends no  
whit

The fury of Turnus; it but mounts the more,  
Grown worse with healing. When his lips at length  
Gat utterance, he begins: 'Prithee, good Sire,  
The load of care, that for my sake thou hast,  
Lay for my sake aside, and suffer me  
To pledge my life for honour. Our hand too  
Can scatter darts, and wield no weakling sword;  
When we too strike, blood follows. Nowise near  
Will be his goddess-mother with a cloud  
To shield the recreant, woman-like, and hide  
Her form in empty shadows.'

But the queen,

At these new terms of battle sore dismayed,  
Stood weeping, and, as one resolved to die,  
Clave to her fiery son. 'By these my tears,  
O Turnus, and if aught still touch thy heart  
Of reverence for Amata—thou art now  
Sole hope and solace of my sad old age;  
Latinus' honour and imperial sway  
Rest in thy keeping; upon thee alone

Leans all our tottering house—one boon I beg,  
Forbear to fight the Teucrians. In yon strife  
What doom soe'er awaits thee, waits no less,  
Turnus, for me : the selfsame hour will I  
Quit the loath'd light, nor with a captive's eyes  
Look on Æneas as my daughter's lord.'  
Lavinia heard her mother's voice with cheek  
Flaming and tear-suffused ; for a deep flush  
Kindled and o'er her burning features ran :  
E'en as if Indian ivory one should stain  
With blood-red purple, or as lilies white  
Blush with the blended rose ; such hues o'er-spread  
The maiden's features. He, with love distraught,  
Fastens his eyes upon the maid. He burns  
The more for battle, and briefly thus bespeaks  
Amata : ' Follow me not with tears, I pray,  
Or with these dark forebodings, to the war's  
Grim strife, O mother ; for Turnus is not free  
To bid death tarry. Idmon, do thou bear  
This message—nowise welcome—from my lips  
To Phrygia's tyrant : soon as morrow's dawn  
With crimson chariot-wheel shall flush the sky,  
Let him not Teucrian against Rutule lead ;  
Rest Teucrian arms and Rutule ; that we twain  
With our own blood may set a term to strife,  
And on that field Lavinia's hand be won.'

So saying, he swiftly gat him home, and there  
Calls for his steeds, and views them with delight  
Snorting before him, which, a glorious gift,

Erst to Pylumnus Orithyia gave,  
To out-vie snows in whiteness, winds in speed.  
Around them, bustling, stand the charioteers,  
Clap with their hollow hands the sounding chests,  
And comb the manèd necks. A corslet then  
He binds about his shoulders, stiff with gold  
And pale-hued orichalc, and to his grasp  
Fits sword and shield, and red-plumed helmet-  
spikes ;  
Sword, which the lord of fire himself had forged  
For his sire Daunus, and had dipped white-hot  
In Stygian water. Last, a mighty spear,  
As it stood propped against a column vast  
Amid the hall, Auruncan Actor's spoil,  
Strongly he seized, and shook the quivering shaft,  
Crying aloud : ' O spear, that never yet  
Hast balked my bidding, now the hour is come ;  
Thee mightiest Actor once, now Turnus wields ;  
Grant me with doughty hand on earth to stretch  
The effeminate Phrygian, shatter and rend ope  
His corslet, and defile with dust the locks  
Curl'd with hot iron, and reeking-moist with myrrh.'  
So raves he, fury-driven ; from all his face  
Shoot fiery sparks ; his eager eyes flash flame :  
As when a bull, against some battle-bout  
Uplifts a fearful bellowing, and for proof  
Flings wrath into his horns, and butts against  
A tree trunk, and provokes the air with blows,  
Or, scattering sand, makes prelude of the fray.

Æneas no less, girt in his mother's gear,  
Now fiercely whets the war-god in his heart,  
And kindles into wrath, right glad the while  
That thus, truce proffered, shall the strife be stayed.  
Then comforts he his comrades, soothes the fear  
Of sad Iulus, teaching them of fate,  
And unto King Latinus bids return  
Sure answer, and the terms of peace declare.

Scarce was the next dawn sprinkling with new ray  
The mountain-tops, what time from Ocean's deep  
Up-spring the sun-steeds, and breathe forth the light  
Through lifted nostrils, when both Rutule folk  
And Teucrian 'neath their mighty city-walls  
Make ready and mete out the battle-ground,  
And hearths and grassy altars thereamidst  
Rear to their common gods. Others the while  
Bring freshet-wave and fire, girt apron-wise,  
Brow-bound with vervain. The Ausonian host  
Move onward, and in ranks close-banded pour  
Through the thronged portals. Here in unlike arms  
Speeds all the Trojan and Tyrrhenian host,  
E'en as at war's stern bidding, ranged in mail.  
Amid their thousands to and fro the chiefs  
Hover, in pride of purple and of gold,  
Mnestheus, of old Assaracus the seed,  
And stout Asilas, and, from Neptune sprung,  
Messapus the steed-tamer. Either host,  
At trumpet-call to its own ground retired,  
Fix spears in earth, and lay their shields aslant.

Then eager-thronging matrons, a mixed crowd  
Of folk defenceless and infirm old men,  
Fill all the towers and house-roofs ; other some  
Hard by the lofty portals stand at gaze.

But Juno from the hill, hight Alban now,  
Then nameless, without fame or glory, peered  
Forth on the plain, and either host beheld,  
Laurentine, Trojan, and Latinus' town.  
Straightway to Turnus' sister thus she spake —  
Goddess to goddess—who hath power o'er pools  
And sounding streams ; such honour had high Jove,  
The king of heaven, for theft of maidenhead  
With hallowing hand assigned her : 'Nymph,' she cried,  
'Glory of rivers, to my heart most dear,  
Whoe'er to high-souled Jove's unthankful bed  
Of Latin maids have mounted, thee, thou knowest,  
O'er all have I preferred, for thee with joy  
Found part and place in heaven : now learn thy grief,  
Juturna, that thou blame not me. So far  
As Fortune seemed to suffer, Fate allow  
Good hap to Latium, I have guarded well  
Thy town and Turnus : now I see him rush  
Ill-matched upon his fate, and lo ! the hour  
Of destiny draws near, and force malign.  
This fight, this treaty, never can mine eyes  
Endure to look on. For thy brother thou,  
If aught thou durst of more effectual aid,  
On ! it becomes thee. Happier days belike  
Shall follow misery.' Ere she ceased, the tears

Burst from Juturna's eyes, and with her hand  
Thrice, four times o'er, she smote her lovely breast.  
'No time for tears,' Saturnian Juno cries :  
'Hie thee with speed, thy brother snatch from death,  
If any way thou mayest, or else wake war,  
Dash from their hands the plighted peace : 'tis I  
Bid brave it.' And, so warned, she left her there  
Doubting, wit-wildered by the baleful blow.

Meanwhile the kings ride forth, Latinus first,  
Mighty of stature, on a four-horse car,  
About whose temples gleam twelve golden rays,  
Badge of the Sun, his grandsire : Turnus next  
With snow-white pair comes charioted, his hand  
Twin javelins brandishing, broad-tipped with steel.  
Then Sire Æneas, of Rome's stem the root,  
Blazing with starry shield, celestial arms,  
And at his side Ascanius, of great Rome  
The after-hope, move onward from the camp ;  
While pure-robed priest a two-year sheep unshorn,  
With offspring of a bristly boar hath brought,  
And by the blazing altars set the beasts.  
They, with eyes turned toward the rising sun,  
Scatter salt meal from hand, and graze with knife  
The foreheads of the victims, and pour wine  
Upon the altars. Drawing then his sword,  
Thus good Æneas prays : 'Now may the Sun  
Attest my utterance, and this land for which  
I have essayed such mighty toils to bear,  
The Sire omnipotent, and his consort thou,

Saturnia, goddess, now at last, I pray,  
More favourable ; and Mavors the renowned,  
Who dost all wars with power paternal sway ;  
And Floods I call, and Fountains, and what Awe  
Dwells in high heaven, what gods in the blue sea :  
If victory to Ausonian Turnus hap,  
We vanquished will depart—so stands the bond—  
Hence to Evander's city ; Iulus then  
Shall quit the soil, nor ever in after-time,  
Armed for new war, Æneas' sons return,  
Or vex this kingdom with invasion. But,  
If Victory will the battle to our hand,  
As I deem rather (and so seal it heaven !),  
Nor shall Italian at my bidding bow  
To Teucrian, nor list I to reign ; let both,  
Unconquered, beneath equal laws unite  
In everlasting bonds of amity.  
My gods I'll give them, and my sacred things ;  
The sword Latinus, as my sire, must sway,  
And, as my sire, the daily round of State :  
For me the Teucrians shall build walls, my town  
Be named from fair Lavinia.' So spake first  
Æneas, and after him Latinus thus,  
Eyes raised to heaven, and right hand star-ward  
stretched :  
' Now by the self-same Earth, Sea, Stars, I swear,  
Æneas, and by Latona's double brood,  
And two-faced Janus, and the might of gods  
Infernal, and relentless Pluto's shrine ;

Let the Sire hear, who doth on treaties set  
His seal of thunder. I these altars touch,  
The flames and powers betwixt us I adjure :  
No lapse of time shall break for Italy  
This covenant of peace, betide what may,  
Nor any force me from my purpose turn ;  
Nay, not though earth into the waves be washed  
In one blind deluge, and the vault of heaven  
Poured into Tartarus : as this sceptre here  
(For sceptre in right hand he chanced to wield)  
Shall never into light-leaved twigs expand,  
Or shady spray, since in the greenwood once  
Lopped from the parent-stem, beneath the axe  
It shed both boughs and foliage ; erst a tree,  
Now by the craftsman's handiwork made o'er  
Bound in fair brass, for Latin sires to hold.'  
So spake they, pledging mutual vows of peace,  
Amid the gazing lords, then solemnly  
Let bleed the sacred victims o'er the flame,  
And flay the flesh yet quivering, and anon  
With groaning chargers heap the altars high.

But long ere this, to Rutule eyes ill-matched  
Appears the conflict, and their bosoms heave  
With manifold emotion more and more,  
As closelier seen the odds of strength they scan.  
Swells their disquietude with noiseless tread  
To mark how Turnus to the altar stepped,  
His lowly reverent mien, his downcast eyes,  
The wasted cheek, the youthful form so wan.



But when Juturna, when his sister, saw  
Whispers wax rife, the crowd with wavering hearts  
Irresolute, amid the ranks in form  
Like unto Camers—who, of hero-strain,  
Was from a sire of peerless valour sprung,  
Himself no laggard warrior—'mid the ranks  
She plunges, and, well witting of the task,  
Scatters wide rumour, and bespeaks them thus :  
' Blush ye not, Rutules, thus to jeopardise  
One life for all, and all so valiant ? Say  
In numbers are we over-matched, or might ?  
Trojans, Arcadians, these are all they boast,  
See ! and the fate-led bands—Etruria's wrath  
Hurled upon Turnus. Every second man  
Grappled we them, scarce each should find a foe.  
He doubtless, winged with glory, to the gods,  
Gods to whose altars he devotes his life,  
Shall soar, ride living on the lips of men ;  
We, reft of home, to haughty lords must bow,  
Who thus sit idly, cumberers of the field.'  
Fired by such words, now more and more up-blazed  
The warriors' purpose, and from rank to rank  
Speeds on the murmur ; e'en Laurentum's sons,  
E'en Latium's folk are changed. Who late for rest  
From battle, and safety for their fortune, sighed,  
Now wish for arms, implore the league undone,  
And pity Turnus and his cruel fate.  
Hereto another and a mightier spell  
Juturna adds, and shows a sign in heaven,

Than which no cause, more potent to confound,  
Fooled omen-wise the hearts of Italy.  
For as in ruddy sky Jove's tawny bird  
Flew chasing water-fowl, a clamorous rout  
In wing-borne column, suddenly he swooped  
Down on the stream, and seized a lordly swan  
Ruthless in taloned gripe. Italia's folk  
Gave eager heed, as all the birds at once  
Wheeled screaming, wondrous to behold ! and darked  
The heaven with wings, and in a serried cloud  
Urge through the air their foe, till, overborne  
By the sheer weight of onset, he gave o'er,  
Into the flood let fall his loosened prey,  
And vanished amid cloudy depths of heaven.  
The Rutules hail the omen with a shout,  
And free their hands for battle ; and first out-spoke  
Augur Tolumnius : ' This, ay this it was,  
So oft my prayers desired : I greet the call,  
And own the gods herein ; follow my lead,  
Even mine, and seize the sword, ye miserable,  
Whom yon rapacious stranger frights with war,  
Like silly birds, and rudely ravages  
Your borders. He will turn, trim sail, and fly  
Far o'er the deep. With one heart close your ranks,  
And fight for rescue of your ravished king.'  
He spake, and, dashing forward, hurled his lance  
Full at the foe ; the hurtling cornel hissed,  
And cleft the air, and erred not. Hard upon,  
Rose a vast shout ; through all the welded ranks

Confusion ran, and hearts beat fiery-fast.  
As sped the spear, right in its onward track  
Stood grouped nine goodly brethren, borne alike  
Of one true Tuscan mother to her lord  
Gylippus of Arcadia. One of these,  
Where the sewn belt pressed midmost of his bulk  
Hard on the belly, and the ribs' edges felt  
The buckle's bite—a youth of peerless form  
In glittering armour—through the flank it pierced,  
And on the dun sand stretched him. At the sight  
His brethren, a bold band, now fired with grief,  
Some drawing sword, some snatching darts to hurl,  
Rush blindly onward. The Laurentine ranks  
Dash forth to meet them ; from the opposers' side  
Trojans, Agyllines, and Arcadia's host  
Girt in gay arms, one turbid torrent pour,  
All, each, on fire to let the sword decide.  
They have stripped the altars ; a thick javelin-storm  
Scours all the sky ; the steel sleet drives apace.  
The bowls, the hearths they hale away : fast flies  
Latinus, and bears off his baffled gods,  
Leaving the league undone. Some harness cars,  
Some hurl to horse, and with drawn swords are there.  
Messapus, eager to confound the league,  
Spurs at and scares Aulestes, Tuscan king,  
Dight with the kingly diadem ; but he,  
Luckless, leaps backward, strikes the altar-stone  
Behind him, and rolls head and shoulders o'er.  
Up speeds Messapus fiery-swift, with spear

Huge as a beam, and towering upon steed  
Deals him, for all his prayers, one deadly blow  
Downward, and cries : ' He hath it : here behold  
A nobler victim to the high gods given ! '  
Italia's folk throng round him, and despoil  
The yet warm body. Then Corynæus snatched  
A charred brand from the altar, and therewith,  
As Ebysus rode up and sought to strike,  
Dashed in his face the flame ; his mighty beard  
Blazed brightly, and sent forth a burning stench.  
Following, he clutches in left hand the locks  
Of his dazed foe, with push of bended knee  
Pins him to earth, and buries the stark blade  
Deep in his side. As shepherd Alsus rushed  
Through showering darts along the battle's front,  
Lo ! Podalirius with bare blade pursues  
And overhangs him ; but with axe swung back  
Full in his face, he cleft him, brow to chin,  
Drenching his armour with wide-spattered gore.  
Stern rest and iron slumber seal his eyes,  
And their orbs close in everlasting night.

But good Æneas, stretching forth his hand  
Unarmed the while, bare-headed, with loud shouts  
Cried ever to his men : ' Why storm ye forth ?  
Whence springs this sudden quarrel ? O curb your  
ire !

The league is stricken, and all its laws allowed ;  
I only may do battle ; balk me not,  
And have no fear : this hand shall consummate

The treaty ; by these rites is Turnus mine.  
As thus he spake, e'en in mid utterance, lo !  
Wing-borne against him glides a whizzing shaft,  
Launched by what hand, who steered its stormy  
    speed,  
Knows no man, nor what power, or chance, or god,  
Glory so boundless to the Rutule brought ;  
The fame of that high deed lay locked from sight,  
And none e'er boasted of Æneas' wound.  
When Turnus marked Æneas quit the host,  
The chiefs dismayed, with sudden hope he fires,  
Anon cries out for horses and for arms,  
Springs proudly on the car, and grasps the reins.  
In swift career full many a mighty form  
He gives to death, or tumbles them half-slain,  
Crushes whole ranks beneath his car, or plucks  
Spear after spear, and hurls them on the fliers.  
As when at furious speed, anigh the banks  
Of Hebrus' icy wave, blood-dabbled Mars  
Clangs on his shield, and, rousing war, lets loose  
His raging steeds ; they scour the open plain  
Swifter than south or west wind ; utmost Thrace  
Groans with their hoof-beat ; all around him rush  
Dark-frowning Fear and Wraths and Treacheries,  
The god's attendant train : so eager goads  
Turnus his smoking steeds amid the fray,  
Trampling the foe slain piteously ; each hoof  
At furious speed spirts showers of ruddy dew,  
And 'neath their tread the sand is caked with gore.

Now Sthenelus to slaughter hath he given,  
And Thamyrus and Pholus, this and this  
Encountering close, that other from afar ;  
From far both Glaucus too and Ladēs, sons  
Of Imbrasmus, whom Imbrasmus himself  
In Lycia reared, and with like arms arrayed  
To fight as footmen, or out-ride the winds.  
Elsewhere Eumedēs hies him to the fray,  
The war-famed son of ancient Dolon he,  
His grandsire's name, his sire's own doughty deeds  
Renewing, who erst, upon the Danaan camp,  
To creep and make espial, for wage dared ask  
Pelides' chariot ; with far other wage  
Dowered for his daring by great Tydeus' son,  
He to Achilles' team no more aspires.  
Him Turnus eyeing, far off on the open plain,  
First with light dart through length of air pursues,  
Then checks the twin yoked steeds, and leaps from  
car

To find him fall'n half-lifeless, on his neck  
Plants foot, and wrests from his right hand the sword,  
And in his throat dyes deep the glittering blade,  
And thus withal speaks over him : ' Lie there,  
Trojan, and measure those Hesperian fields  
Thou cam'st to fight for : lo ! such meed they win,  
So found their walls, who dare me to the fray.'  
Next with hurled spear, to bear him company,  
He sends Asbutēs, Chloreus, Sybaris,  
Darēs, Thersilochus, and Thymœtēs, flung

Prone from the neck of his unruly steed.  
And as when Thracian Boreas with his blast  
Roars o'er the deep Ægean, and pursues  
Its billows to the shore, where swoop the winds,  
The clouds scud fast through heaven, so yield the  
ranks

To Turnus, where he cleaves a path, and all  
Their battle is swept backward ; his own speed  
Impels him, and the breeze, his chariot breasts,  
Tosses his flying plume. Such fierce assault  
And stormy arrogance Phegeus might not brook ;  
He crossed the car's path, grasped and wrenched aside  
The mouths o' the mad steeds foaming at the bit :  
So dragged, and hanging to the yoke, the broad  
Spear-head uncovered found him, and its thrust  
Broke ope the corslet's double-woven mail,  
And tasted of his body. He nathless,  
Shield set before him, facing still the foe,  
From his bare blade sought succour, when the wheel  
And onward-hurrying axle prone to earth  
Smote him, and Turnus, stooping, with his sword  
'Twixt helmet-edge and corslet's topmost rim  
Lopped off his head, and left the trunk to lie.

While Turnus thus triumphant o'er the plain  
Deals havoc, Mnestheus and Achates true,  
Ascanius at their side, in camp have set  
Æneas, now bleeding, every second step  
Propped on his long spear. He, in rage of soul,  
Striving to pluck forth barb and splintered shaft,

Calls for what aid lies nearest : let them cleave  
With a broad battle-blade, probe deep, the wound  
Where the barb lurks, and send him back to war.  
And now Iapis, son of Iasus,  
Dear before all to Phœbus, draws anigh,  
Whom erst Apollo, by keen love subdued,  
With his own arts and gifts—prophetic lore,  
The lyre, and arrows swift—was fain to bless.  
He, to protract his sire's appointed span  
Now nigh to death, the power of herbs to know,  
The healer's skill, chose rather, and to ply  
A silent art, inglorious. Chafing sore,  
Propped on his mighty spear, 'mid a vast throng  
Of warriors, with Iulus grieving nigh,  
Untroubled by their tears Æneas stood.  
The agèd sire, his garb Pæonian-wise  
Flung back and girt about him, with deft hand,  
And Phœbus' herbs of power, makes much ado  
Vainly, with vain endeavour at the shaft  
Pulls, or with biting pincer grips the barb.  
Fortune no clue, no aid his patron-god  
Apollo lends him ; and now fiercer grows  
The alarm of battle, and more nigh the bane.  
They see the heaven up-stand in solid dust ;  
On come the horsemen, and amid their camp  
Javelins fall thick and fast. A dismal shout  
Is borne to heaven of those that fight and fall  
'Neath the stern war-god's hand. Then, mother-like,  
Smit to the heart by her son's cruel pain,



Venus from Cretan Ida culls a stalk  
Of dittany, with downy leaves thick-fledged,  
And purple flower ; the wild goats know it well,  
When wingèd arrows have fastened in their side.  
This bare she down, veiled in a mantling mist,  
And tinges therewithal fresh water, poured  
In bright-brimmed vessel, darkly healing it,  
And sprinkles life-juice from ambrosia bled,  
And sweet-breathed panacea. With that lymph,  
Unwitting, old Iapis bathed the wound ;  
When lo ! from out the limbs all pain hath passed,  
All gush of blood in the deep wound is stayed ;  
And at a touch the arrow unimpelled  
Out-falling, his old strength returns anew.  
' Arms for the hero, quick ! Why tarry ye ?'  
Loud cries Iapis, and first fires their wrath  
Against the foe. ' Man's power and master-craft  
Work not such issues, nor doth hand of mine  
Save thee, Æneas ; some mightier one, some god  
Is operant here, and unto mightier deeds  
Restores thee.' Ravenous for the fray meanwhile  
He, right and left, had sheathed his legs in gold,  
Spurning all checks, and brandishing his spear.  
When shield to side, corslet to back, were braced,  
About Ascanius his mail'd arms he flung,  
And lightly kissed him through the helm, and said :  
' O boy, learn valour and true toil from me,  
Fortune from others. Now shall my right hand  
Shield thee in fight, and lead where high rewards

Await the winning : hereafter look that thou,  
When ripening years have made thee perfect man,  
Be mindful, and the exemplars of thy race  
Recalling, let Æneas for thy sire,  
Hector thine uncle, be thy spurs to fame.'

So having said, forth from the gate he strode  
Gigantic, shaking his portentous spear :  
Antheus and Mnestheus therewithal rush on  
With serried column ; from the abandoned camp  
Streams the whole host. Then all the plain is blent  
In one blind dust-cloud ; the affrighted earth  
Trembles beneath their foot-tread. Turnus saw  
From an opposing height, as on they came ;  
The Ausonians saw, and through their inmost bones  
Ran a chill shudder : instant before all  
The Latin host Juturna heard the sound,  
Knew it, and fled in terror. He speeds on,  
Hurrying his dark line o'er the open plain.  
As, when toward land a cloud with bursting storm  
Drives o'er mid-ocean, hapless husbandmen  
Shudder, afar foreboding ; it will bring  
Downfall to trees, destruction to the crops,  
Whelm all in one wide havoc ; the winds fly  
Bearing its sound before it to the beach :  
So speeds his war-host the Rhœteian chief  
Full on the foe ; in wedges dense they close,  
Massed at his side. Thymbræus smites with sword  
Osiris huge, Mnestheus Arcetius ;  
Achates hews in sunder Epulo,

And Gyas Ufens ; falls Tolumnius too,  
The Augur, who had first hurled hostile dart.  
The cry mounts heaven, and Rutules, chased in turn,  
Their backs with flight all dusty, scour the plain.  
Himself, nor deigns he strike to death who fled,  
Nor follow up who met him, foot to foot,  
Or wielding javelins : Turnus, him alone,  
He tracks, still circling through the battle's night,  
Bids him alone to combat. Hereupon  
With fear heart-stricken, Juturna, the man-maid,  
Flings forth Metiscus, Turnus' charioteer,  
From 'twixt the reins, and leaves him far behind  
Fall'n from the pole, so leaps into his seat,  
And, grasping, guides herself the wavy thongs,  
Metiscus' voice, form, arms, assuming all.  
As a black swallow through the mansion flits  
Of some rich lord, and skims the lofty hall  
With circling pinion, for her noisy brood  
Some tiny morsels gleaning, and now whirrs  
Adown the empty corridors, and now  
Round the moist fish-ponds ; with like course to hers,  
Juturna through the thickest foemen drives,  
Careering o'er the field with flying car.  
Now here, now there, her brother she displays  
In triumph, yet suffers not in fight to close,  
But whirls far off away. Æneas no less  
To meet him thrids the winding maze of war,  
And tracks his steps, and through the sundered ranks  
With mighty voice defies him. Oft as he

Spied out the foe, and strove afoot to match  
The flying hooves, so oft Juturna wheeled  
And turned the chariot. Ah! what can he do?  
Tossed vainly on a restless tide, and called  
Now this, now that way by conflicting cares!  
At him Messapus, for his left hand chanced  
To hold two supple javelins tipped with steel,  
Up-speeding lightly, levelled and let fly  
One with unerring aim. Æneas stopped,  
Huddled behind his shield, and on one knee  
Sank; yet the swift spear took his helmet-top,  
And smote away the crest-plume. Then up-surged  
His ire, and, by their treachery constrained,  
While steeds and chariot whirl away from sight,  
Jove and the altars of their outraged league  
Invoking oft to witness, 'mid the ranks  
He bursts, and, terrible in victorious strength,  
At last awakens indiscriminate  
Grim carnage, and lets loose the reins of wrath.

What god may now in song for me tell o'er  
The tale of horrors, diverse forms of death,  
And fall of chieftains, whom o'er all the plain  
Now Turnus, now the Trojan hero, drives?  
Was it thy will, great Jove, that folk with folk,  
To everlasting peace ordained, should rush  
So furiously together? Æneas meets  
Sucro the Rutule---and that fight first checked  
The Teucrian onset---but, not long detained,  
Takes him in flank, and, by death's quickest way,

Through ribs and breast-work drives his reeking  
blade.

Amycus and Diores, brothers twain,  
Turnus unhorses, and confronts on foot ;  
One, still approaching, with long lance he strikes,  
And one with sword-blade ; the lopped heads of  
both

He bears, blood-dripping, fastened to his car.  
Talos and Tanais and Cethegus brave,  
Three at one rush, that other sends to death,  
And sad Onitēs, Echionian name,  
Offspring of Peridia. This strikes down  
The brethren sent from Lycian land, and fields  
Loved of Apollo, and, loathing war in vain,  
Youthful Menœtes the Arcadian, who  
By Lerna's fishy stream had erst his craft  
And full poor home, nor cares of greatness knew,  
Whose father needs must hire the land he sowed.  
As when two fires from points opposing fall  
On a dry forest and brakes of rustling bay,  
Or as, down-tumbling from the mountain-heights,  
Roar foamy rivers, and, swept seaward, strew  
Each its own path with ruin : so swift as they  
Æneas and Turnus through the battle rush ;  
Now, now wrath boils within them, and nigh burst  
The indomitable hearts ; now with main strength  
They hurl them upon wounds. Murranus, still  
Mouthing of sires and grandsires, names of yore —  
A whole line downward traced through Latium's  
kings—

Æneas with whirl of a huge craggy rock  
Dashed headlong from his car, and stretched on  
earth ;

So lying 'neath reins and yoke, the rolling wheels  
Dragged him, and with quick hoof-beat o'er his head  
Trod the swift steeds, unmindful of their lord.  
The other met Hyllus, as he rushed along  
Immeasurably exulting in his pride,  
And at his gold-bound temples hurls a dart ;  
Pierced helm and brain the weapon, and there stuck.  
Nor could thine arm from Turnus win thee free,  
Cretheus, of Greeks the bravest, nor his gods  
Shield their Cupencus, as Æneas drew nigh ;  
His bosom meets the invading bolt, nor aught  
'Steads the doomed wretch his brazen buckler's stay.  
Thee too Laurentum's plain, O Æolus,  
Saw perish, and spread thy bulk on earth ; thou  
fall'st,

Whom Argive armies, nor Achilles' self,  
Wrecker of Priam's realm, availed to slay.  
Here was thy bourne of death ; 'neath Ida's hill  
Thy stately home ; thy stately home where lies  
Lyrnesus, in Laurentum's soil thy tomb.  
Yea, the whole lines, now turning—Latins all,  
All Dardans, Mnestheus and Serestus keen,  
Messapus, steed-subduer, Asilas bold,  
The Tuscan ranks, Evander's Arcad horse—  
Strain each to do man's uttermost ; no pause,  
No respite, but one giant tug of war.

Now from his beauteous mother was the thought  
Borne on Æneas to draw nigh the walls,  
Upon the city launch his host amain,  
And with swift slaughter Latium's folk confound.  
As through the ranks from point to point he roves,  
Still tracking Turnus with wide-circling eye,  
He marks the city from all that conflict free,  
At ease and unmolested. Fires his heart  
Forthwith the vision of a mightier fray ;  
Mnestheus, Sergestus, and Serestus bold,  
His chiefs, he summons, and plants him on a mound,  
Where all the remnant of the Teucrian host  
Throng dense around, but loosed not hold of shield  
Or javelin. Midmost on the hillock's height  
Erect he cries : ' Let naught my bidding stay—  
Jove with us stands—nor any man the more  
That sudden seem the call, be slack to go.  
To-day this city, the cause of war, itself  
Latinus' seat of sovereignty, will I—  
Except they take my bridle in their mouth,  
Confess a conqueror's bidding—topple o'er,  
And level with the dust her smoking towers.  
Am I to wait, forsooth, till Turnus choose  
To bide our onset, and, once beaten, brook  
The fight's renewal? Here stands the head and front,  
O countrymen, of this accursèd war.  
Bring torches quick ! with tongues of fire reclaim  
The treaty.' He had said, when all, as one,  
With emulous hearts, wedge-welded, on the walls

In dense array bear down, and in a trice  
Lo ! ladders, and the flash of sudden fire !  
Some, scattering for the gates, who front them slay ;  
Some hurl the steel, and darken heaven with darts ;  
Æneas, his right hand toward the rampart raised,  
Chides with loud voice Latinus, in their van,  
Bids heaven attest him forced again to fight,  
The folk of Italy twice o'er his foes,  
And snapped this second treaty. Strife up-springs  
Betwixt the fluttered townsmen ; some bid ope  
The city-gates, let in the Dardans, yea,  
Would to the ramparts hale their very king ;  
Others bring arms, and haste to man the walls.  
As, when some shepherd hath a swarm of bees  
Tracked to their hiding in the caverned crag,  
With smarting smoke he fills it ; they, within,  
Scared for their safety, through the waxen camp  
Dart wildly, and with loud buzzings whet their wrath ;  
The black stench rolls from cell to cell ; anon  
Is heard a hum, rock-stifled, and smoke soars  
Into the void of air.

This further fate

Befel the war-worn Latins, and with grief  
Shook the whole city to its base. The queen,  
When from her towers she sees the approaching foe,  
Her walls assailed, fire to the house-roofs fly,  
No Rutule host, no sign of Turnus near  
In arms to meet them, deems, unhappy soul,  
Her champion quenched in onset, and, distraught



With sudden agony, shrieks against herself,  
As cause and guilty source of all their woe ;  
Then in a frenzy of anguish uttering  
Mad words a many, resolved to die, she grasps  
And rends her purple raiment, and knits fast  
To the high beam a noose of hideous death.  
Whose woful end when Latium's women knew,  
Lavinia first, her daughter, with rude clutch  
Tore flower-like locks and vermeil cheek ; then all  
The rest around her throng, one frenzied rout ;  
Rings the wide palace with their wail. From hence  
Through the whole city the dark tidings spread ;  
Hearts sink ; Latinus with rent raiment goes,  
Stunned by his consort's fate, the city's doom,  
Soiling his white hair with unsightly dust.

But Turnus, battling on the plain's last verge,  
Still drives the minished stragglers, more and more  
Slackening, the while, and ever less and less  
Exulting in his steeds' victorious course.  
Blent with blind terrors came the wind-borne cry,  
And from the city smote his straining ears  
Sound of confusion, and no joyful hum.  
' Ah me ! what mighty anguish shakes the walls ?  
What shrill cry from the city speeds afar ? '  
So saying, half frantic he draws rein, and halts.  
To whom his sister, wearing still the form  
Of charioteer Metiscus, as she swayed  
Steeds, reins, and chariot, thus gives counter-word :  
' This way pursue we yet the sons of Troy,

Turnus, where quickest victory clears a path ;  
Others there are may strike for house and home.  
Æneas falls hotly on Italia's folk,  
And spreads the broil of battle ; hurl we too  
Fierce havoc on the Teucrians : nor in fame,  
Nor tale of dead, shalt thou come worse away.'  
' Sister, long since I knew thee,' Turnus cried,  
' When first by subtlety thou didst mar the league,  
And plunge into the fight ; and vainly now  
Would'st cloak thy godhead. But by whom wert  
sent

From high Olympus, such sore toils to bear ?  
Was it thy brother's piteous death to see ?  
For what can I ? What pledge of safety yet  
Doth Fortune yield me ? Nay, these very eyes  
Saw perish, and with my name upon his lips,  
Murranus, dearest-left of all my friends,  
Mighty, and vanquished by a mighty wound.  
Fell ill-starred Ufens, not to see my shame ;  
His corse, his arms, are now the Teucrians' spoil.  
And shall I suffer—that alone was left—  
Our home's upheaval ? nor with blows rebut  
The taunts of Drances ? Shall I fly ?—this land  
See Turnus play the runagate ? Is death  
A lot so grievous ? O ye Powers of hell,  
Befriend me, for heaven's face is turned away.  
To you, a stainless Shade, will I descend,  
Witless of that foul wrong, nor ever yet  
Degenerate from my mighty sires of old.'

Scarce had he said when through the foemen's  
midst

Lo ! Saces, borne upon a foamy steed,  
Comes rushing, full in face an arrow-wound,  
By name conjuring Turnus as he flies :  
' Turnus, in thee is our last hope of life ;  
Have pity on thine own. Æneas in arms  
Lightens and thunders, threatening to hurl down,  
Raze utterly, the tall Italian towers ;  
E'en now their firebrands to the house-roofs fly.  
On thee their looks, their eyes, the Latins bend ;  
The King himself, Latinus, muttering, doubts  
Whom to call son, to whose alliance turn.  
Ay, and the queen, thine ever staunchest friend,  
Self-slain, hath fled in terror from the light.  
Messapus, keen Atinas, at the gates  
Are our sole props of battle. Around these  
The serried lines throng close, and with bare blades  
Bristles the iron harvest : thou the while  
Whirlest thy chariot o'er an empty plain.'  
Wildered with manifold imaginings  
Stood Turnus, mutely gazing ; in one heart  
Seethe boundless shame, and madness mix'd with  
grief,  
And frenzy-goaded love, and conscious worth.  
Soon as, the darkness from his heart dispelled,  
Light dawned afresh, toward the walls he bent  
His burning eyeballs stormily, and glanced  
Back from his chariot on the mighty town ;

When lo ! a spire of wreathèd flame, rolled on  
From floor to floor, went wavering up to heaven,  
And clasped the tower, the tower which his own hand  
Of welded beams had reared, and under it  
Set wheels, and from aloft high gangways hung.  
' Now, sister, now Fate masters us ; forbear  
To hold me loitering ; follow me where heaven  
And cruel fortune call. Resolved am I  
To grapple with Æneas, resolved to bear  
The utmost of death's bitterness ; no more  
Shalt see me shamed, my sister. Thus far first  
Suffer the madman to give madness way.'  
He spake, and swiftly leapt from car to plain,  
And dashed through focs, through javelins, and there  
left

His sister sorrowing, and at furious speed  
Cleaves the mid battle-ranks. As, when a crag  
From mountain-top shoots headlong, torn away  
By the wind's blast—whether with stormy shower  
Washed free, or loosened by slow lapse of years—  
With mighty rush relentless the mass swings  
Down the abyss, and riots o'er the plain,  
Men, flocks, and forests rolled along with it ;  
So rushes Turnus through the scattered ranks  
On to the city-walls, where streams the earth  
Deepest with torrent-gore, and sings the wind  
With missiles, and there beckons with his hand,  
And with loud voice begins : ' Rutules, forbear,  
And hold your darts, ye Latins ; mine to-day

The award of Fortune, whatsoe'er it be.  
Let me—'tis meeter—for your broken troth  
Sole penance pay, my sword alone decide.'  
The mid ranks part asunder and make room.

But sire Æneas, hearing Turnus' name,  
Forsakes the wall, forsakes the lofty towers,  
Spurns all delay, breaks off all enterprise,  
Exultant, and clangs terribly his arms :  
Vast as mount Athos, or as Eryx vast ;  
Sire Apennine no vaster, when he roars  
Through all his quivering holm-oaks, and aloft  
With snowy crest soars jubilant to heaven.  
Now Rutules, Trojans, and Italians all  
Turn emulous eyes—who held the lofty towers,  
Nor less who battered at the walls below—  
And shield from shoulder drop. Latinus e'en  
Stood all amazed those mighty ones to see,  
Born in far distant climes, met man to man,  
To try the sword's arbitrament. But they,  
Soon as the plain gave open space, dart forth,  
Hurl from afar their spears, and with loud clang  
Of brazen bucklers dash into the fray.  
Earth groans, and thick and fast the sword-strokes  
shower,  
Valour with chance commingling. Even as when  
On mighty Sila or Taburnus' top  
Two bulls for fierce encounter each on each  
Rush, brow to brow ; the affrighted keepers fly ;  
The herd stands hushed in fear ; the heifers muse

Which of the twain shall lord it o'er the grove,  
Which all the kine must follow ; they mix amain  
Blow upon blow, and gore with butting horns ;  
Blood streams o'er neck and shoulder ; all the grove  
Rebellow with the roar : not otherwise  
Trojan Æneas and the Daunian chief  
Clash shields together ; the vast din fills heaven.  
Two scales at equipoise in his own hand  
Holds Jupiter, and sets therein of both  
The diverse destinies—whom travail dooms,  
Whose weight with death sinks downward. Hereupon  
Forth Turnus darts, of danger dreaming not,  
Rears his whole height to the uplifted sword,  
And strikes. Trojans and Latins all a-quake  
Cry out ; both armies stand at eager gaze.  
But snaps the treacherous weapon, in mid stroke  
Failing its fiery master, except flight  
Befriend him. Swifter than the wind he flies  
At sight of a strange hilt in swordless hand.  
Folk say when first the harnessed battle-car  
He mounted, his sire's sword in headlong haste  
Then left behind him, he caught up the brand  
Of charioteer Metiscus ; and, while yet  
The straggling Teucrians turned their backs in flight,  
Long time it served him ; but with Vulcan's arms  
Of a god's making matched, the mortal blade  
Like brittle ice fell shivered at a stroke—  
Mere splinters glittering on the tawny sand.  
So Turnus madly scours the plain in flight,

And hither, thither, weaves a wayward maze ;  
For round him closed the Teucrians' ring, and here  
Spreads a waste fen, here girdling ramparts tower.

Nor less Æneas, though, hindered by the wound,  
His knees oft fail him, and their speed deny,  
Pursues and hotly presses, stride by stride,  
The panting foe : as, when a hound of chase  
Lights on a stag hemmed in by river-bend,  
Or hedged about with scare of crimson plumes,  
With foot and clamorous tongue it plies him ; he,  
Or of the toils, or the steep bank afeard,  
Darts here, darts there, a thousand ways ; but close  
Clings the keen Umbrian open-mouthed, and seems  
Now, now to clutch him, and, as though he clutched,  
Snaps with his jaws, and baffled bites the air.  
Ah ! then a shout uprises ; marge and mere  
Re-echo round ; all heaven roars back the din.  
He flying upbraids the while, calls, each by name,  
The Rutules, clamouring for the sword he knew.  
Æneas in turn vows death and present doom,  
Should one approach, and scares the tremblers more,  
Threatening to dash their city to the dust,  
And, wounded, still pursues him. Circles five  
They measure in their course, as oft again  
Unravel and retrace them ; for not light  
The prize they seek, nor trivial ; the heart's blood  
And very life of Turnus are at stake.  
A bitter-leaved wild olive, as it chanced,  
Sacred to Faunus, had here stood, a tree

Revered of old by seamen, where they wont,  
Snatched from the billows, to set gifts, and hang  
Their votive raiment to Laurentum's god.  
But Teucrian hands indifferently had shorn  
The sacred trunk away, thereby to win  
Clear space for shock of battle. Here stood fixed  
The lance of Æneas ; hither its own rush  
Had driven, and in the tough root held it fast.  
The son of Dardanus bent over it,  
Fain by sheer strength to wrench the weapon free,  
And follow up with spear, whom catch with speed  
He could not. Then at last, with terror crazed,  
Cried Turnus : ' Pity me, O Faun, I pray,  
And, kind earth, keep the weapon, if I still  
Held dear your honours, which the Æneadæ  
Have with foul war polluted.' So he spake,  
Nor to vain prayers invoked the aid of heaven.  
For wrestling, lingering o'er the stubborn stem,  
No strength availed Æneas to prise ope  
The knotty vice. While hard he tugs and strains,  
Forth darts the Daunian goddess, changed once more  
To charioteer Metiscus, and restores  
Her brother the lost sword. Then Venus, wroth  
At the nymph's chartered arrogance, drew near,  
And from the deep root wrenched the weapon free.  
So both elate, with arms and courage new,  
He trusting to his sword, and he with spear  
Impetuously up-towering, take their stand  
Face to face, panting, in the lists of war.



Meanwhile the lord of heaven's almighty throne  
To Juno speaks, as from a golden cloud  
She marks the strife: 'Say, what shall be the end,  
O consort? or what yet remains to do?  
Full well thou knowest, and dost thyself allow,  
Heaven claims Æneas a tutelary god,  
Fate lifts him to the stars. What schem'st thou yet?  
With what hope hang'st amid these chilly clouds?  
A god by mortal wounded—was it meet?  
Or—for what could Juturna without thee?—  
In Turnus' hand to set the sword anew,  
And re-invigorate the vanquished? Nay,  
Give o'er at length, and bend thee to my prayers;  
Let not such grief thy silent heart devour,  
Nor bitter woes from thy sweet lips so oft  
Return to vex me. Lo! the bound is reached;  
To chase the Teucrians over land or wave  
Thou hast had power, to kindle monstrous strife,  
Mar a fair home, and mix the bridal song  
With mourning: further venture I forbid.'  
Thus Jupiter; and thus with look demure  
Replies Saturnia: 'E'en because thy will  
Was known to me, great Jove, have I forsook  
Turnus and earth, unwilling; else should'st thou  
Not see me thus on my lone airy seat,  
Patient of foul or fair; but girt with fire  
I on the battle's very verge had stood  
Drawing the Teucrians on to deadly fray.  
Juturna—I confess—I moved to aid

Her hapless brother, for his life's sake allowed  
Scope to her daring ; not to hurl the dart,  
Or bend the bow ; I swear it by the source  
Of Stygian wave inexorable, sole awe  
Of binding-power vouchsafed to gods above.  
Well, now I yield, and, loathing, quit the strife.  
One boon, withholden by no law of fate,  
For Latium, for thy kindred's majesty,  
I beg thee : when with happy bridal-rites  
They pledge the peace—so be it—when now they  
knit

Their terms of treaty, bid them not put by  
The native name of Latins, nor become  
Trojans, or pass for Teucrians on men's lips,  
Nor alien speech assume, nor altered garb.  
Let Latium, and let Alban kings endure  
For ages ; be there still a Roman stock,  
Strong with Italian valour. Troy is fallen,  
And, name with nation, let the fallen lie.'  
The Author of mankind and all that is  
Smiling made answer : ' Jove's own sister thou,  
And Saturn's other offspring, such wild waves  
Of passion heav'st within thy bosom's depth !  
But come, this unavailing wrath allay :  
Thy suit I grant, and willing let thee win.  
Ausonia's folk their native tongue shall keep  
And customs ; and, as now, their name shall be ;  
The Teucrians shall but in the mass be merged  
And settle ; I myself will add their rites

Of ceremonial worship, and make all  
Of one tongue, Latins. Hence shall spring a race  
Blent of Ausonian blood, whom thou shalt see  
Outsoar mankind, outsoar the very gods,  
In duty ; nor shall any race beside  
Pay thee like homage.' Juno at the word  
Assents, and with changed purpose, blithe at heart,  
Anon withdraws from heaven, and quits the cloud.

This done, the Sire, revolving in his heart  
Yet more, bestirs him from her brother's aid  
To part Juturna. There are monsters twain,  
Yclept the Furies, at one selfsame birth  
Born, with Megæra's hellish shape, of Night  
That knows no seasons, and with serpent-coils  
Wreathed each alike, and dowered with windy wings.  
These at Jove's throne and on the threshold wait  
Of the fierce monarch, and whet terror's edge  
In suffering mortals, whensoever heaven's king  
Launches disease and direful death, or scares  
With war offending cities. One of these  
Swiftly from heaven's cope Jupiter sent down,  
And bade confront Juturna, for a sign.  
She speeds, borne earthward on the hurrying blast.  
As some cloud-piercing arrow, shot from string,  
Which Parthian in fell venom-bane hath dipped—  
Or Parthian or Cydonian—and launched forth,  
A shaft past healing-power ; with strident sound  
It skims the rushing darkness, known of none ;  
So, journeying earth-ward, sped the child of Night.

When Ilium's host and Turnus' ranks she viewed,  
Shrunk suddenly into a small bird's shape,  
Which oft on tomb or lonely roof-top sits,  
And nightly shrills a late ill-boding lay  
Through darkness---in such altered guise the fiend  
Flits shrieking, and still flits in Turnus' face,  
Flapping his shield with pinion-strokes. A strange  
And fearful numbness loosed his limbs ; his hair  
Stood stiff with horror, the voice stuck in his throat.  
But when from far the Fury's whistling wings  
She knew, Juturna, hapless one, rent loose  
Her tresses, and marred, sister-like, her face  
With wounding nails, and with clench'd hands her  
breast.

' How shall thy sister stead thee, Turnus, now ?  
What more avails my hardihood ? Wherewith  
May I prolong thy life-day, or how face  
A pest so dire ? Now, now I quit the field :  
Fright not the trembler more, ye birds of bale ;  
I know your wing-beat and its deathful whirr ;  
The proud behests of noble-hearted Jove  
I miss not. Quits he thus my maiden loss ?  
Why dowered he me with life eternal ? why  
Of mortal's lot bereaved me ? I might else  
Surely have ended all these miseries,  
Trod the dark road at my poor brother's side.  
Immortal ! I ? could aught of all I have,  
Brother, be sweet without thee ? Ah ! might Earth  
Somewhere yawn deep enough to serve my need,

And hurl me—goddess—to the ghosts below !'  
She ceased, her head in grey-green mantle wrapped,  
Sore sighing, and plunged beneath her sacred pool.

Æneas pressed onward, brandishing his spear,  
Huge, like a tree-trunk, and with wrathful heart  
Made utterance : ' What delays thee next ? why still  
So backward, Turnus ? Not with speed of foot  
Strive we, but in grim arms, and hand to hand.  
Shift to all shapes, yea, muster all thou can'st  
Of craft or valour ; pray now to wing aloft  
The star-way, or in earth's pent hollows hide.'  
He shook his head : ' Thy fiery words, fierce man,  
Affright me not ; the gods and adverse Jove  
Affright me.' There he ceased, and, glancing round,  
Spied a vast stone, an ancient stone and vast,  
Which chanced to lie there, for a landmark pitched,  
'Twixt rival fields to sever, on the plain.  
Scarce could twice six, of such as earth in bulk  
Now bears, upon their necks have heaved it ; he  
Caught with quick hand and hurled it on the foe,  
High-towering, and at hero's utmost speed.  
Yet knew he not himself, as on he rushed,  
Or reared aloft and swung the mighty stone ;  
But his knees totter, his blood curdles cold :  
Nor the stone's self, which through the void he  
whirled,  
Sped to full distance, or brought home the blow.  
E'en as in dreams of night, when languorous sleep  
Weighs down the eyelids, with vain wish we seem

Some eager course to ply, but helpless sink  
E'en in mid effort ; and the tongue lacks power,  
And the limbs' wonted strength besteads us not,  
Nor voice nor utterance follows : even so,  
Strain as his valour might, the goddess fell  
Bars Turnus from fulfilment. Through his heart  
Shift changeful phantasies ; on Rutule host  
And on the town he gazes, and with dread  
Falters, and quails before the impending lance ;  
Nor whither 'scape, with what force meet the foe,  
Nor car he sees, nor sister-charioteer.  
E'en as he faltered his death-bearing dart  
Æneas brandished, marking with his eye  
The happy moment, then with all his bulk  
Hurled it against him. Never stone so crashed,  
Flung from the leaguer's engine, nor such roar  
Burst with the fire-bolt. Like a black typhoon,  
Laden with dire destruction, sped the spear,  
And rending ope the warrior's corslet-rims  
And utmost circle of his sevenfold shield,  
Right through the thigh rushed hurtling. At the  
    blow  
Turnus fell huge to earth on bended knee.  
Upsurge the Rutules with one groan, and all  
The mountain round rebellows, and far off  
The forest-depths reverberate the cry.  
Lowly, with up-cast eyes, a suppliant hand  
Outstretching, ' I have earned it,' he exclaims,  
' Nor deprecate my doom : thy fortune use.

If a sad father's yearning heart at all  
Can touch thee, I implore—thou too had'st such  
A sire, Anchises—upon Daunus old  
Have pity, and me, or, if thou wilt, my corse  
Reft of the daylight, to mine own restore.  
Thou art the victor ; and Ausonia's folk  
Have seen me stretch forth vanquished hands ; 'tis  
    thine  
To wed Lavinia ; further hate forego.'  
Fierce in his arms, with rolling eyeballs, stood  
Æneas, and checked his hand ; and more and more  
The words 'gan work upon his faltering will,  
When high on shoulder lo ! the luckless belt  
Lay bare, and with its well-known bosses gleamed  
The girdle of young Pallas, whom erewhile  
Turnus with wound had vanquished, and laid low,  
And now on shoulder bore the fatal badge.  
Soon as those relics—record of fierce grief—  
His eyes drank in, with sudden frenzy fired,  
And terrible in his wrath : 'Would'st thou go hence—  
Tricked in my comrade's trophies 'scape my hand ?  
Thou art Pallas' victim ; Pallas deals this blow,  
And claims the forfeit of thy felon blood.'  
So saying, with fiery force he plunged the steel  
Full in his bosom. But the warrior's limbs  
Grow chilled and slackened, and the spirit flies  
Moaning indignant to the Shades below.













